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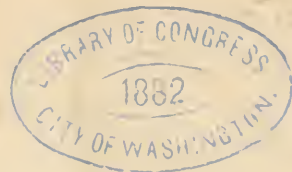
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







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# SOME ODDS AND ENDS

— OF —

## PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR:

So many have written to me with respect to the matters of which you speak, that I have concluded to print hereafter some few odds and ends of my answers to correspondents, with, perhaps, other paragraphs suggested by re-reading of letters and conversations on political topics.

First of all. If for convenience, etc., in private correspondence, I put such matter in type, I should set my word of congratulation, my testimony of profound respect for the people of our State. What a glorious record for a majority of the voters of California! However depressed I may confess myself to be on the general outlook, I do find comfort and cheer as I turn to the testimony given by our fellow-citizens of the Golden Commonwealth at the last election. Though the numbers were pretty evenly divided, so far as the canvass disclosed, we know that there were at least four or five thousand fraudulent ballots counted in this State for the bribe-taker, and we know, above all, that most of the 80,000 men who voted for the Democratic electors resisted some special corrupt offers for their suffrages.

Glorious people of California! A million of dollars were scattered throughout your borders by Republican agents, with the hope and expectation of securing a majority of at least 5,000 for the perjurer nominated by the Chicago Convention; but a majority of the people spurned the tempter and put the State in the roll of honor.

Of course a majority of the Republicans are honest men.

Of course they are. Who said they were not? False, venal leadership, or blind, bitter prejudice, amounting to bigotry, control many of them. A year ago I rode up from Los Angeles with George W. Julian of Indiana, and in the course of our conversation he frequently expressed his wonder, in exclamatory sentences, at the infatuation of many old-line Republicans. "Strange! Strange! How they stick to the party name! For that is all there is left of it, as measured by its record from 1856 to 1867."

In 1876 the tops of the ballot boxes of San Francisco were actually lifted, and thousands of Democratic votes taken out and thousands of Republican votes put in. That was not attempted or done in 1880. But two or three thousand fraudulent votes were cast in this city at the last Presidential election by repeaters. It was the intention and expectation of some of the more courageous managers of the Republican party to cast more than twice three thousand fraudulent votes. Their method of operations ought to be understood by

the people generally. Perhaps you wondered why so many copies of the Register were made? Take a page like this:

D.

\*John Day.....  
†William Dedee.....  
Henry Doe.....  
James Due.....  
oFelix Dye.....

Now, Day is known to be dead. Dedee is out of town. It is ascertained that Dye is a business man at the Cliff House. There are many other men, of course, that were indicated, but I give these as a sufficient sample. Put opposite the dead man's name was a star. Put opposite the absentee was a dagger. Put opposite the member of the Cliff House brigade was a circle. Republican strikers were watching at each polling place with lists to mark voters, so as to tell who had and who had not voted. At 12 o'clock the repeaters were started out in gangs of six or seven to go the rounds with these tallies, having a perfect understanding and system of simple cipher and sign signals to exchange with their acquaintances and "pals,"—the watchers at the voting places.

Mr. Ault, President of one of our Tenth Ward Clubs, followed a gang of these repeaters on the last election day, and broke them up speedily. The systematic challenging at the polls after half-past 1, in San Francisco last Fall, undoubtedly saved us from at least three thousand of these pious ballots, that had been prepared for Garfield and Davis. If the challenging had begun at 12 o'clock, we would undoubtedly have had a recorded majority of several thousand votes for Hancock and English; and this without reference to (probable) similar proceedings in Oakland, Sacramento, Vallejo, Marysville, Los Angeles and San Jose.

The leaders of the Republican party are lost to shame. See Carl Schurz denouncing the corruption of Radicalism in one week, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City, in 1876, and taking a promise of a Secretaryship the next from Hayes' managers; after eulogizing Samuel J. Tilden and denouncing the class of politicians to which John Sherman belongs, turning squarely around and urging people to vote against Tilden and for Sherman's creature. The leaders of that party are wholly lost to shame. We have abundant testimony to that fact in the actions of the small fellows who lead that party in this State, and who, by reason of their feeble intellects and lower grade of moral capacity, are not so greatly to be blamed. See Booth, and Swift, and Estee, and Pixley, and Fickering and Company, a few years ago condemning the Republican party, and most emphatically protesting against any more bloody-shirt wavings, and at the last



campaigns squalling loudest and longest as, professedly, the most Radical of Radicals. What a spectacle to provoke ineffable contempt among men that are men. As well expect to tickle a rhinoceros on his shoulder with a feather as to excite any emotion of shame in the breasts of any of the foremost chieftains in the Radical camp. Don't attempt such a thing. They probably never experienced the sensation for any cause; certainly for no political reason. Every intelligent, thoroughly informed and *unprejudiced* and honest man, who was prominent in the Union party, who is now in the land of the living, is a member of the Democratic party. To this there are no exceptions. The prejudice of some men in politics amounts to impenetrable and immovable bigotry. So there is absolute excuse for many and charity for all.

The most insufferable hypocrisy is exhibited by the so-called Independent Republican Civil Service "Reformers." Take the most lauded one, the editor of Harper's Journal of Civilization (heaven save the mark!), George W. Curtis. I remember when the Harpers were the special friends of the slave-holder, and would permit nothing to appear in their magazine or other publications that would be offensive to their Southern patrons. In a day they lost their patronage south of Mason and Dixon's line, and their scruples in the way mentioned at the same time. "Civilization," indeed! The Harpers found a nice, smooth-spoken hypocrite for their literary Captain, in George W. Curtis. Does any respectable man undertake to tell you that he is sincere while he presides over a journal that lampooned, caricatured and vilified, to the uttermost, such men as Samuel J. Tilden and George W. Julian, and Horace Greeley and Charles Sumner, and Allen G. Thurman and Lyman Trumbull? At one time actually putting the emphasis of ridicule against such men on the score of their loyalty to justice and right. Of course, it is part of a great plan, of a cunning organization, to have loud-mouthed and smooth-tongued professors of "Reform" in the party of Radicalism, between whiles preaching and prating about the necessity of tenure-of-office acts for every office-holder, and all that sort of thing.

But it is said that Curtis is a "scholar," and a "scholar," and a "scholar." Not deep. But precisely what has that to do with this matter? No less a hypocrite for all that. Would a decent man, of the Republican party of 1856-1867, remain in the editorial charge of a paper that habitually caricatured Sumner and Greeley, and Gratz Brown and Trumbull, and Julian, and men of that stamp? Not for an instant.

You recollect, my dear Frank [Mahon] that I said to you last month that we must exercise great charity for the hardshell bigots of New England, who, (most of them) stayed at home during the war, but who are now honestly voting and voting the Republican ticket—even tickets bearing the name of such a branded perjurer as Garfield; for I said to you that these good men did not think it possible that a Democrat stood in any hope of heaven. You thought my words rather of the exaggeration order, as I could see by your smile. To-day I chanced to read George H. Holden's entertaining article on "Hawthorne Among His Friends," in the July (1881) Harper's Magazine, p. 263. Here is what he says: "I would advise no man, unless his faith in the greatness and purity of Hawthorne (as noble-minded, pure a man as ever breathed in America, and chief among our geniuses) is established beyond the possibility of disturbance, to investigate too closely into the muck-heaps of local prejudice which to this day are to be found to exist among certain cliques of his native village. \* \* \* Hawthorne was a Democrat in politics, when by these people grave doubts were entertained whether a Democrat might by any possibility be admitted to heaven."

As to a Postal Telegraph, every day brings out fresh evidence and fresh emphasis, in every practical sense of the word, in favor of such an institution. I refer you to my lecture on that subject for detail of statement and argument up to the day of its publication.

I am unable to conceive of a more humiliating and disheartening spectacle than that presented by the principal newspapers of the country with respect to this very matter. Here are the people paying from ten to twenty times as much for a telegraphic dispatch as should be charged, the cost of sending being merely nominal, and yet rarely will you see, even in the most obscure portion of any of our more influential newspapers, a single paragraph, an accidentally quoted sentence, hinting the fact of imposition and extortion on the part of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Champions of the people, indeed! The Western Union Telegraph Company and the Associated Press, by bribery or by intimidation (not direct; Oh, no; too smart for that) dictate what the Press of this country *shall not say* in reference to a Postal Telegraph.

We ought to have a Postal Telegraph as the result of the passage of a bill by Congress of not more than ten sections. Within one year from the passage of such a bill—if its provisions were honestly carried out—the people of California would be able to send a ten-word message to the Atlantic States for 25 cents. Within twelve months after such a tariff had been inaugurated, under a properly worded bill, the people of California would be able to send a twenty-word dispatch to the Eastern States for 10 cents. Within twelve months after this last date—that is, within three years after the proper Postal Telegraph bill went into operation—the people of California would be able to send a twenty-word dispatch to the Atlantic States for five cents.

This Government of the United States, under the operations of a proper Postal Telegraph measure, could and would *make money*, five years after the beginning of the workings of Government telegraph lines, equal in extent to those now controlled by the Western Union Telegraph Company, with a tariff fixed at three cents for a ten-word dispatch between the most distant points to which the lines were run.

The truth of this promise and prophecy can be demonstrated. See facts and figures in my lecture on this subject.

The special cunning of the managers for the monopolies is now exhibited in getting up side issues and nursing all sorts of demagogues, from Denis Kearneys up, with a view to mislead and bamboozle the people. The lawyers and flunkies of the Central Pacific Railroad Company on this coast are most assiduous in their efforts, at various times, to bolster up some fellow who can bawl "reform" in the streets, or write a pamphlet or a book elaborately, and perhaps to some extent captivately, promising the millenium if something or other is done by the people, through their legislative representatives, *in some other direction*. Anything to divert the minds of the people from the real burdens under which they groan, and from the real reforms that ought to be established by law.

So you will hear or read about Leland Stanford's sympathies with the poor evicted peasantry of Ireland! Think of it! I have heard men get up and eulogize Leland Stanford as a man of "broad and generous sympathies"—vouched and illustrated by his sentiments on the Irish land question. The picture of the Old Patriarch in "Little Dorrit" is brought before the discriminating hearer by such remarks with dazing vividness.

Anything to divert the attention of the people from the supreme grievance at home.

What is that supreme grievance in California to-day? Extortionate tariff on the railroads and on the telegraph lines. That is what is the matter. You pay two or three times as much as you ought to pay when you travel on the Central Pacific Railroad Company's lines. You pay from ten to twenty times as much as is reasonable charge when you are compelled to patronize the Western Union Telegraph Company. That is what is the matter. Now, if you can be led to forget this fact, once knowing it, it's a great end achieved. Getting up a hurrah about some little five cent local extortion, and getting up a hurrah, and a hurrah, and a hurrah about good men for the city, and good men for the city, and good men for the city, and getting into office church-plate-passing hypocrites who are owned by Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and C. P. Huntington—that is the business that is mapped and modeled at the



corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, in the city of San Francisco.

The people fume and fret, and then are pacified and misled. They discover their false leaders, by whom they should never have been deceived, and then the game is repeated over again, with just enough variation to excise, perhaps, the general public from a sweeping charge of perfect idiocy.

The game of bamboozle has been played and repeated during the last fifteen years in California by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and still there seems as little prospect as ever of relief from the extortions of that monopoly. We ought to have relief forthwith by the Congress of the United States.

The original Pacific Railroad Act provides for a reduction of fares by Congress, and a short bill of two sections, and not over a hundred words altogether, would secure for the people a first-class overland ticket from San Francisco to Omaha for one-half the present charge. Why does not Congressman Berry introduce such a bill? Will General Rosecrans introduce such a bill? Think of this matter and inquire.

I foresaw what this railroad monopoly would be years ago. I was the first man on this coast to discern the signs of the times with respect to it. I made speeches on the stump and in the Senate of Nevada—as thousands can testify—in 1864-65, warning and foretelling perfectly in regard to this matter. I urged the passage of measures which, if they had been finally adopted, would have prevented this railroad monopoly on the Pacific Coast. While I was engaged in urging such measures I received the following letter:

"VIRGINIA, January 30, 1865.

"Colonel Sumner.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"As a very warm friend of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, I would like to receive a line from you defining your position. It is a question that is of great importance to us all, and will be made much more of an issue at the coming Congressional election than it has been in the past.

"If you are a friend to this Company, then I advise you to say so in strong terms, so that I can use the same in your favor.

"Respectfully yours,

"JOHN GILLIG."

To this I replied:

"SENATE CHAMBER, CARSON CITY, }  
January 30, 1865. }

"To John Gillig, Esq., Virginia City, Nevada.

"DEAR SIR:

"Your favor of this day has just been received. You will pardon me for saying that I was somewhat surprised to learn that you did not already and thoroughly understand my position on railroad matters. I shall be very frank, or endeavor to be so.

"As a bona-fide citizen of Nevada, I am truly anxious to have railroad communication from Pacific navigable tide waters at the earliest practicable time. I am in favor of the Epstein resolution, asking Congress to grant a bonus of \$10,000,000 to the first company that reaches the base of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. [The Placerville and Washoe Railroad was then located, and plenty of pounds sterling were ready for the investment. See my lecture on 'A Trip to Pioche'—the foot notes especially.]

"I am, of course, heart and soul for a railroad across the mountains and the plains. But I judge that the Central Pacific Railroad officers have not acted in good faith.

"However: THEY have all they asked; and by half-way work they can conform to all prescribed obligations—all obligations precedent to securing the enormous government subsidies. Those subsidies can not now be repealed; nor would I have them repealed if they could be.

"I know not how far your intimation goes. I don't know of any rights that the Central Pacific Railroad Company have acquired to dictate in our elections. I know the unscrupulousness of the Stanfords, for I saw it illustrated on election day in San Francisco.

"I am for a Pacific railroad, quick. I think our State life and prosperity as a people depend to a great

extent on the prospect and fact of railroad communication to the Pacific, and so on to the Atlantic States.

"I hope you will remain my friend, as I subscribe myself,

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES A. SUMNER."

Of course the letter from Mr. Gillig came under authority from the Central Pacific Railroad managers, and was to inform me, as it did sufficiently, that they would support me for Congress if I would do their bidding, and that if I refused to be their servant or slave I might expect their hostility. My reply to Mr. Gillig's letter was hurriedly dashed off while sitting at my desk in the Senate chamber of Nevada, and while at the same time paying some attention to the business of that body; and, of course, it is written in a familiar and off-hand style. But it sufficiently disclosed my position then, which was taken in full view of the fact that in all human probability my political aspirations from that time forth—as an enemy of railroad monopoly—might be considered as vain and foolish.

The people of the State of Nevada at their primaries twice nominated me for Congress, and twice was I defeated at the State Convention at Carson by the aid of money taken from the coffers of the Central Pacific Railroad monopoly in order to secure the office.

Others affected hostility to the Coming Monopoly; but, when they were once in office, they became the creatures of that gigantic monopoly.

Anything to keep the people's mind away from the Main Question. For in the meantime monopolies live and grow fat and fatter upon their extortions. Anything to TIDE OVER and sail along.

If the people once brought the Railroad and Telegraph monopolies under dominion of just law, the local monopolies of the several cities, and all lesser State and National monopolies, would soon disappear as such. The giant should be throttled. And simple, plain, straightforward, brief legislative enactments will accomplish the disenfranchisement. It is all nonsense to talk about the impossibility of electing honest men to the legislature, or true men, who will stand right up to the front on this main question. You and I know in the several counties in this State men who can be completely trusted on this great issue, so far as integrity is concerned. And we know that a very small proportion of such men have found their way to places of power. And it does seem almost a hopeless task to strive for the election of such men.

[We have elected many barking demagogues to Congress and to the State Legislature who have introduced Reform bills, and allowed them to sleep; introduced them for blackmailing purposes, or to "make a record"—being instructed to "make a record" of this kind by their masters at monopoly headquarters.]

I have not been thus candid and explicit in this reply to your letter, because I have now no expectation whatever of occupying any place of power as a foe of monopolies. I have always been so outspoken. It is true, my strength must remain solely as an advocate before the people. I must speak as plainly if this were not so; but if any apology is needed for this direct and candid statement from me, it may be found in the conceded fact—confessed by myself—that I am such a demonstrated enemy of these monopolies that under no consideration would they permit my election to Congress or to any other place of power where I could affect their interests directly.

As an illustration of how the railroad and telegraph monopolies hoodwink and fool the people, look at the rise to party influence of this miserable creature, Dennis Kearney—a low, filthy-tongued, lying, cowardly fellow—without a grain of manhood in any fiber of his composition. Look at the placing in power of Beerstecher, who a few months ago was calling meetings in San Francisco for the purpose—to use his own language—of saving the Workingmen's candidates from the arts of the demagogue! What is he now? Just what I prophesied he would show himself to be—a mere flunky to Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker.

There is no use in disguising the fact—San Francisco is just now at a stand still. Houses that three years ago rented in central portions of the city for \$250 are now let for \$100—and the landlords are glad to get good tenants at that figure. What has brought this about? There was an incoming tide of the best kind of immigration five years ago. It was stopped in a great measure by the false agitation which the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the telegraph monopoly, through their independent organs, created and fostered. And in its place, or partly filling its place, in point of numbers, came the worst kind of immigration.

You have to pay \$120 for a first-class passage from here to New York, when a first-class passage ought not to cost you over \$70 at the outside. At this latter figure the railroads would actually make more money within a short period after the adoption of a proper tariff. And with such a tariff we could have our proportion of the better class of immigration; and thousands upon thousands would pour in to this coast from the existing communities of the East—of the very best class of people; there born and bred and educated into noble specimens of manhood and womanhood.

It does seem, just at this present writing, as if the sun of opportunity shone, or was about to rise, for the Democratic Party. I tell you candidly as to the reforms of which I have spoken—if the reliefs against the railroad monopolies and the telegraph monopolies are not brought about through the agency of the Democratic Party, I don't expect that they will be compassed by anything short of Revolution. In other words, I expect (unless we have a change for the better through the instrumentality of the Democratic Party) that for years and years to come, far beyond my generation, the people of the United States will remain under the thralldom of the monopolies;—the rich growing richer and the poor growing poorer and poorer, until Revolution shall come.

Of course—as a matter of course—there will be all sorts of make-believes of relief and reform; or little, occasional alleviations. Even now, when the Western Union Telegraph Company reduces the price of a dispatch from Podunk to Poop Hollow two or three cents, the independent *Bulletin*, and the independent *Call*, and the independent *Chronicle*, and the independent *Alta*, and the independent *Record-Union*, and the independent *Marysville Express*, and the independent *Los Angeles Express*, and the independent *Independent* of Stockton, and the other newspapers of the same company, shout out in leaded paragraphs, items and column editorials. And that is but an illustration of what will be in the future in this respect. And by and by the suppressed inventions (see my lecture on the Postal Telegraph), and the inventions of which we already have a prophecy in the accomplishment of the past, will effect such a mighty reduction—palpably so—in the cost of running locomotives, and in the cost of rapid telegraphy, that the present tariff of the railroad and telegraph monopolies will be manifold more extortionate than now. The people will perhaps get a little fraction of the benefit from these inventions by a comparatively slight reduction in the cost of traveling by rail or sending word by lightning. And over this, I say, there will be a wild tumult of eulogy for the Stanfords and Crockers, and Jay Goulds, and James Simontons's—proceeding from the independent and Republican Press and the monopoly lawyers and the Denis Kearneys.

What we want, and what we should have, is simple, direct, positive and unmistakable National and State legislation, giving the people at once the fullest benefit of all inventions. Stanford did not invent steam. It seems necessary, in some "arguments" with the pettifoggers of the railroad company, to state that the inherent force of this great motive power was planted there by the Almighty. Neither Jim Simonton nor any other magnate of the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company invented or forged the bolts of Jove. Neither Mr. Stanford nor Mr. Gould nor Jim Simonton applied, with inventive capacity, steam or electricity to the practical purposes of mankind. [As for that matter, they never paid a cent for their railroad and telegraph properties.] With a reasonable reward for the inventor and patentee—if he comes within modern dates—inventions should pass to the benefit of the whole people. That is supposed to be the intended operation of the Law.

And we should have, further, simple, straightforward, brief statutes effecting this very matter,—determining this result.

California is in a position to do great things on these subjects. If her true people—if her men of sound judgments and conscience and candid dispositions and resolute wills, come together this year and the next in the Democratic Party and choose and elect men to the principal offices in the State, and to Congress, we shall make a great step forward toward achieving the results so much longed for—for which you and I have so earnestly struggled during these many years last past.

No halfway measures, no halfway men. Every frank man knows in his heart of hearts that the only fractions of reform that we have had in this direction during the past ten years have been due to men and movements in the Democratic party. I will have no political affiliation—as I have no hope—with anything else.

I am aware that it is said that no reliance can be placed upon any party or any men in this great anti-monopoly struggle; that one professed anti-monopolist is as good as another—is as likely to prove true as another. This is all humbug. This is the talk which the C. P. R. Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company often put into the columns of the independent press. The Democratic party, by its leaders in Congress, has shown, I think, that it, as a national party, can be trusted on this great issue—if those same leaders are kept in leadership when the party attains general dominion at Washington. The momentum of the National party is right. The leading Democrats in the East, with few exceptions—and I will note some of them—have already proven themselves sound in this contest. And you and I can pick out men in this State—from one end to the other—who can be relied upon in this connection. Just as I write, the names of some of these men occur to me. There is Ryland, of San Jose; there are A. Hewell and J. D. Spencer, (there's a man that should be in Congress or the Gubernatorial chair,) and W. Grollman, of Stanislaus; there is Doctor Montgomery, of Sacramento; there is Kellogg, of Plumas; there is Biggs, of Chico; there is Judge Wallace, of Napa; there is Chapman of Los Angeles; there are J. V. Coffey and Frank Mahon, of San Francisco. Let me make the nominations and I will have solid and unpurchasable State Legislatures and Congressional delegation! There is no difficulty whatever in picking out men, who, in prominent State offices, and in our Legislature, and in the United States Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives, would stand true, and would be active and aggressive as anti-monopolist representatives of the people. There is no excuse at this point of time for the people, if they select hypocrites and frauds out of the ranks of the Democratic party for their principal nominees.

I know very well that the monopolists have their men in the Democratic party. I know very well that if the Democratic party would have consented to nominate Stephen J. Field for the Presidency in 1880, the C. P. R. Company would have contributed largely in his behalf. That is well understood.

The C. P. R. Company had a candidate for Congress in San Francisco last year—(he is still in the field)—who went about, in the early part of the campaign, saying a la Edinburg bagman, "Stow [boss railroad lobby lawyer] wants me. Stow wants me!"

And, by the way, no man who went to Cincinnati, in the delegation of the Democratic party from this State, in June 1880, and there supported this C. P. R. candidate for the Presidency, Stephen J. Field, should be permitted to have any voice of influence in our councils hereafter. The same should be said of those who went with the perfidious, to give them "moral" support; from Duke Gwin down.

We know those men well. Surely they are on the record. This proceeding was before the face of every Democrat on this coast, as flagrant a piece of personal treachery—that going hence from the Democratic State Convention of 1880 as a National Convention delegate, and supporting Stephen J. Field—as was ever perpetrated in the history of politics.



I know very well that the Western Union Telegraph Company would support, cheerfully, Beek, of Kentucky, for the Presidency of the United States. And, indeed, all the monopolists would sing sweetly in favor of the candidacy of Bayard, of Delaware—the "Democratic" pet of the Wall-street rings.

But I say there is no excuse for the people of this State or for the people of the Nation, if hereafter they put up such men, who cannot be relied upon as anti-monopolists, in the strictest and most imperative sense of the word.

Is it not time to check the tyranny of the monopolists? I tell you that the people only half realize the temper of these men who manage these robbing corporations. Most of them, of course, are ignorant as well as brutish creatures. Of the few who have received a little educational polish, it may be said that it has been demonstrated that no amount of culture could take the hog out of them.

Their disposition is well indicated by a remark which one of their kind—who married into their immediate circle, and has a side-show establishment—getting his goods at family freight tariff—by a remark which this man made to my former partner, Mr. William M. Cutler. He said:

"Yes, I am in favor of monopolies, and if I had my sweet way and will I would have a padlock on every man's throat in the State of California, and charge him a dollar and a half for every drink of water that I permitted to pass down his gullet."

There spoke the sentiments of the Central Pacific Railroad Company monopoly.

In 1864, the railroad company took \$250,000 in U. S. bonds and hypothecated them for a sum sufficient to buy up all the coal oil in the market—bonds solemnly dedicated by the Government, and so accepted, to C. P. R. R. construction; and at once raised the price of coal oil 50 per cent. That was a specimen of the throat clutching of the Orphans of Nob Hill.

Having purchased the Santa Monica Railroad of John P. Jones, the C. P. R. Co. proceeded to tear up the splendid wharf that had been constructed from that grandest of sea-bathing watering places; naturally the most eligible location for such a resort that I ever saw. Crocker & Co. lied by saying that the wharf was dangerous. The real object of this "unconscionable piece of vandalism"—as Judge Niles fitly termed it—was to bear the price of real estate, so that the C. P. R. R. could gobble it up for a song. The consequent depreciation in value of landed property was expected to be much more, by far, than the value of the work destroyed. The company went through the formality of sending one or more of their tadpole engineers, with instructions to "condemn," as unsafe, etc. The object in this being to plead with owners and influential parties, having to do with the land titles at Santa Monica—and who were or naturally would be exasperated at the act of wharf demolition—that the "ripping up of the wharf"—I think (as one of the Railroad Directors expressed it, in a burst of confidence) was not a wanton or a purely selfish act.

The property-owners there seem to have held out well; for the illustrated *Herald* of Los Angeles for May '81, says that Crocker & Co. have not yet succeeded in perfecting their intended grab. When the railroad managers shall have compelled a "sale" of this magnificent property, to themselves, for a comparatively insignificant sum, then they will put up a big 84-a-day hotel, and put the whole front under extortionate toll. So it goes.

It is well known that "the money spent at Wilmington would have given Los Angeles a better harbor at Santa Monica, and at half the distance from the sea." Says General E. F. Beale: "The vandalism of the Southern Pacific in arresting the progress of the beautiful town which was growing up at Santa Monica, and destroying the wharf, is one of its many acts which has justly incensed the people against that corporation."

The Railroad Monopoly and the Telegraph Monopoly say that work can be done for the people a great deal cheaper in the way of transporting persons and intelli-

gence, if the business is all in the hands of one company. The force of this argument—so far as it is an argument—belongs with the advocates of a Postal Telegraph. Let the United States Government have a monopoly of transmitting dispatches, and in less than ten years—under a proper administration—under Democratic control—the people will be sending their letters by lightning at about the same cost that is now attached to transmitting communications by mail. And there will be all the facilities of street corner boxes, general carrier delivery, etc.

The exactions of the Telegraph Monopoly are simply *stupendous*. It is a marvel of marvels how the facts in this connection are hidden from the eyes and the understanding of the people. You, sir, are charged from ten to twenty and in some instances, even as high as forty times as much for a telegraphic dispatch as the sending costs; and *inventions are suppressed*—bought up and suppressed—in order to prevent its being proclaimed, as an unquestionable truth, that you are charged a hundred times as much for a telegraphic dispatch from here to the Eastern States as you ought to be tolled, considering the expense to the telegraph company. See my lecture on the Postal Telegraph for highest authority quoted in support of this statement.

Jim Gamble, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at San Francisco, said in writing, over his own signature, in 1878, March 15th, that in 1876 the British Government "lost" \$1,176,115 by the Postal Telegraph. Where did he get his figures? He is almost equal to Jim Simonton as a truth-teller. I have before me the official report of the British Telegraphs for 1876. By that it appears that there was a NET INCOME for 1876 of \$1,225,580! And a twenty-word message in Great Britain from Leeds and to John O'Groats costs a sixpence. Think of it.

Shameless! Of course the Republican party leaders are shameless. The illustrations of that fact are innumerable. In days or in months, when it has not paid the Independent Press to be dishonest—in interval days—or at times when that press has been under the absolute control of honest men, speaking in all honesty and candor, the truth has come out.

Henry J. Raymond was an honest man by instinct and disposition. He started, after the civil war was over, to act honestly in politics in connection with Southern affairs. The *New York Times* in 1866-68 spoke the political truth—speaking exactly the opposite of its utterances of to-day. At one brief period in 1869, the *New York Times* advocated a Postal Telegraph—in rice-water style.

It was shown to Henry J. Raymond that financial ruin stared him in the face if he persisted in attempting to carry out his honest political reforms.

John Bigelow was summarily ordered out of the editorial rooms and management of the *New York Times* immediately after his mild editorial in favor of some sort of a Postal Telegraph system.

The *New York Tribune* spoke honestly and bravely for the political truth in 1872. Horace Greeley's last utterances upon the political relations of the North and the South should be gathered in one volume, for permanent use and preservation.

Where is the *New York Tribune* to-day? The creature of the monopolists—the most abject and servile and servicable of all.

When Horace Greeley dictated in general outlines to Whitelaw Reid (a man of very small ability), Whitelaw wrote good words in a good hand. Now the scribe for Greeley, that was, is the flunkey for Gould and Simonton, that are.

Men that, as men and boys, remember the *New York Evening Post*: What a chance has taken place there! Sorrowfully taking note of the steps of its decline we say: Behold it now! Edited by Carl Schurz, under the confessed dictation, under the boasted ownership, of one of the monopoly railroad corporations. What a fall from the management of Leggett & Bigelow! Behold and weep.

No wonder that so many children in this country are growing up without a belief in a God. It does not need the rabid denunciation of Holy Scripture by an Ingersoll to aid the devil in breeding the old average of infi-

dels. His contribution in that service is comparatively trifling. But these grasping and rotten corporations have made it plain to the young men of this country that no considerable political preferment can be obtained or held without their grace. And with all manner of flatteries and blandishments, as well as direct offers of bribery, these monopolists search out young men of ability, that they may warn them from the path of political rectitude and make them their servants—either their openly avowed or secretly bonded creatures.

And the shameless exhibition by the New York *Tribune* and the New York *Times* and the New York *Evening Post*—in the inconsistency of men still acting with those papers or selling out, knowing what the purpose of the purchases was—is one of the most potential of all demoralizing exhibitions, brought home to the young men of this country: to induce them to laugh at and despise all honor and decency in the character of a patriotic citizenship.

Unto every young man of ability in this country, the monopolists say by every channel of communication—and they say it daily, in substance and effect, by the history and hissing of the Independent Press, from one end of the country to the other: "If you don't take a salary or a pension from the corporation monopolists of the land, you are a fool, you are a fool, you are a fool!"

Shameless? You think that our Independent Press is more shameless than any other? Well, it is as nearly up to the standard of the New York *Times* and *Tribune* and *Herald* and *Evening Post*, as it is possible for the smaller brains and the more insignificant souls who rule and rot and stink in the "Independent Press" managers' sanctuaries in San Francisco to make it.

At the present time, and for several years past, the *Alta* and *Bulletin* and *Call* have not pretended to be anything but railroad and telegraph monopoly flunkies. The most influential flunky of the railroad and telegraph monopolists on this coast has been the *Chronicle*. Between times, it is instructed to play the part of the people's friend, and all that. The *Call* and the *Chronicle* are to do this with the poorer classes of the community—the *Chronicle* being specially effective in this line. The *Bulletin* and *Alta* are to work in what its managers call the upper crust. Everything is to be salvaged over with respectability and respectability and respectability, so called. The *Call* and the *Chronicle* will take turns—will alternate—in nursing up the Dennis Kearney's and Stephen Maybells, as the word may go from the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets.

Undoubtedly there is some real rivalry between the managers of the *Call* and *Bulletin* and the managers of the *Chronicle*. This is with respect to small advertisements and the amount of subsidy to be obtained from Republican committees and railroad and telegraph treasuries.

My advice to the people is to drop these papers altogether. You will feel better, you will know more, you will be clearer in vision to do the right thing, if from this time forth you neither patronize nor look at any one of these sheets.

No; the New York *Sun* is not to be relied upon either. The management there know very well that the majority of the people in New York are in favor of Democratic principles. They know, furthermore, that the field of direct and continuous advocacy for the monopolies is well occupied, in New York, by the *Times* and *Tribune*. It is entirely a mercenary matter with this *Sun*.

The hypocrisy and venality of that sheet can be illustrated by a hundred instances of comparison and contrast. The *Sun* did not originally advocate the nomination of Samuel J. Tilden for the Presidency. When the Electoral Commission was first proposed, the *Sun* did not object to it. Not until after the passage of the Electoral bill was a foregone conclusion, did it say one word against it.

And, you may have noticed that when the Democracy of Indiana commenced holding public meetings, in accordance with the suggestion of Mr. Tilden (which suggestion, acted upon throughout the United States, would have resulted in the inauguration of Mr. Tilden) the *Sun* denounced such meetings; and expressly said that anything of the kind would meet with

its opposition. And the *Sun* fully indulged in the hush, hush, hush business, which the monopolists instructed their organs to begin and continue, while the work of President-robbing was going on—aiding to make the people in each State believe that the Democracy in every other State only wanted peace, peace, peace, at any sacrifice.

Several times during the last four years the *Sun* has announced that Mr. Tilden would not be the President of the United States; so saying voluntarily, without provocation, at the time when it was most likely to have effect with all classes of readers. Then, when it was known that Mr. Tilden would not receive or would not accept the nomination at Cincinnati, the *Sun* began its hurrah for the Sage of Gramercy, and all that. This being done so as to be in a good position for that most outrageous piece of treachery—if it can be called treachery—of which it was guilty near the close of the campaign of 1880—the "No-use-in-mining-matters" editorial business.

No; the monopolist managers are very cunning. They have all sorts of organs—newspapers in every party, demagogues in every organization and every clique. But, I have said and I say it again: By this time the people should know who the true men are, and know what is desired and what is desirable. The people at this stage of the great national battle should not be misled by journals of any sort.

Yes; I know Frank Pixley. I have known him for twenty-five years. He has been in every party, and has begged for office in every political camp. He is the most effective worker—notwithstanding the fact that he is such a slop-over—the railroad monopolists have on this coast. He published a pamphlet reviving all the vile slanders against Broderick in '59, and afterwards he wrote editorials eulogizing him; the same man. He is himself a sort of a Dennis Kearney—after his own kind—about the same apparent amount and character of conscientiousness, cunning and—indifference to pecuniary reward. He blatherskites and makes money. He is the most respectable of the Independent Press gang in San Francisco.

I think myself that there is to be another high rising tide of anti-monopoly talk and promise. I would not be surprised if Conkling and Gorham—who have been as obsequious tools of the monopolists as have been Blaine and Pixley and Garfield, and that ilk—I would not be surprised if they undertook to head another Sham of Anti-monopoly within the next two or three years. Such are the present indications.

You say that you cannot understand how the people of California could tolerate Gorham as a professed Anti-monopolist. I tell you, my dear sir, the people forget the record of the past. They forget that in 1867 Gorham was the candidate of Stanford and Huntington and Crocker. And we have many new comers. And many people will forget that Conkling has been an attorney and flunky of the banks and of the Express monopoly and of the Telegraph monopoly. The people have to be reformed and re-enlightened, again and again, in regard to these matters. I know it is unpleasant to do this work. I hate to do it. I would a thousand fold rather speak well than ill of any human being. But it is a part of our duty—a solemn obligation resting upon us—to do this very work of reminding so that the people shall not have the shadow of a shade of an excuse, if they again elect frauds and bilks under an anti-monopoly platform.

Yes; the people of the State of California have been most tremendously deceived. The defeat of Henry H. Haight signified a long lease of power to the monopolists on this coast. No wonder that General Lewis of Tehama, upon that defeat, to use his own language, "threw up the sponge;" and saw "no use in trying any more to serve the people as an anti-monopolist."

Anything as an expedient for a new lease of tyranny; the people fume and fret, and follow false leaders, and the monopolists was faster and fatter.

Yes; I well remember the awful—I thought it blasphemous—declaration of Booth after his election, as to the service he would do for the people. Look back upon his record in the Senate, from that text!



Will the people again be misled by our rotten Independent Press into putting such a creature into the United States Senate? They will be led to do precisely that thing, unless you and I exert ourselves to the utmost to defeat the plans of these conspirators against the liberties and rights of the people, whose immediate organs these Independent newspapers are.

The people do not even get the benefit of inventions. "Rapid telegraphy" has been suppressed. Gas is cheaply manufactured from crude petroleum and fresh water (in New York City), but the people generally derive no compensating benefit from these discoveries.

It is simply ridiculous for any newspaper managers to pretend to be anti-monopoly and honest in their record, when the fact is that they supported such men as Hayes and Garfield for the Presidency—especially where the record is that the managers supported Garfield against Hancock.

One of the managers of the Central Pacific Railroad Company returned to California from the East shortly after the nomination of Hancock and declared that the General had a "walk over." It subsequently transpired that the managers of the great corporations of the country believed, that it was impossible to defeat Hancock; and believed, still further, that he could be brought over to at least a non-combative pledge in their behalf. It will be recollected—it was a matter of common notoriety—that General Hancock was approached with an offer of a very large supply of money for the Democratic campaign if he would agree to confirm the nomination of certain parties for Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Interior and Postmaster-General. It will be remembered—to the everlasting credit of General Hancock [fit to put in parallels with Joseph Reed's reply to the British emissary in 1775: "I am a very poor man, but, poor as I am, the King of Great Britain has not money enough to buy me,"] and to the honor and glory of the Democratic party—that the proffer was rejected. Then it was that the monopolists' managers held a meeting and determined that Garfield must be elected, if it was within the bounds of possibility. Prior to this meeting Conkling and his satellites had been in the sulks. Prior to this the New York *Sun* had declared that it was impossible to defeat General Hancock. Immediately after this meeting Conkling entered the canvass vigorously in behalf of Garfield, whom he had so often in private denounced for his lying and bribe-taking. Conkling, as well as Dorsey, went to Ohio and Indiana on a campaign mission. Not alone with Star Route money was Dorsey supplied. The treasuries of the railroad and telegraph and bank monopolies poured out immense sums for his purse. It was at the direction of the agents of the great corporations that Garfield made his promises to Conkling, by which that chief of spoliemen was induced to give the signal of energetic support to his creatures in the New York Custom House and elsewhere.

And shortly after the purchased Indiana October election, the *Sun* came out with its treacherous "No-use-in-mincing-matters" editorial—instead of denouncing the corruptionists for their work in Indiana, and striving to move the people to a sense of the peril to our institutions from the Conkling-Dorsey-Ingham methods of manipulating elections.

Nothing could be more absurd than a profession of anti-monopoly sentiments on the part of any newspaper or any journal that supported Garfield. Many of them will be directed to now cry out in favor of "Reform," and, in some general, diffusive, blubber-cheeked way, against the exactions of the great corporations; so that when the focalizing time comes they—these same newspapers—may be in a position to aid in demoralization, on a vaunted Record—from whence to say "We, we, we, have always been opposed to this monopoly; but this bill really won't do" etc. That has been the history of this thing all along.

Intelligent men in California should take no hints, nor accept any species or line of leadership from newspapers or men who supported Garfield in a prominent way. Of course, there were thousands of good men who voted for the bribe-taker on sheer prejudice, and from entire reliance on just what they read at that particu-

lar season from their party organs. It does seem as if such men cannot stay much longer in the Republican Party.

The monopoly managers reasoned that if they only succeeded in 1880 in putting the bribe-taker into the Presidential chair they would have a comparatively easy time thereafter. Their thought and policy was then to break up the Solid South—so-called—by the power of their combinations on railroads and telegraphs in that section of the country. And the first illustration of their efforts may be seen in the State of Virginia. Mahone is a good outcome of the schemings and investments of Central Pacific Huntington and the telegraph monopoly managers in the Old Dominion. It remains to be seen whether the majority of the people of the South can be corrupted by the methods and the machinery adopted or invented and employed by the nabobs to whom we have referred.

We are often told that there will be relief from the thraldom of the national monopolies through competition. [The Republican and Independent organs are instructed to talk this way, sometimes.] There has been occasionally, and there will or may be in the future, some slight relief, undoubtedly. But no speedy and adequate, no complete and permanent relief. The extortions of the telegraph company are so enormous that competition here and there—and probably, by and by, across the continent—is inevitable. But the reductions will be very small, under the rise of rivalry, at the best; and only temporary. There will be the old, old story of soliciting and securing stock or patronage—and then selling out.

For instance, we pay \$2 for a day dispatch and \$1 for a night dispatch of ten words from San Francisco to New York. Now, the tariff ought not to be at the very outside over 25 cents for twenty words for day and half that by night sending. That to begin with. And reduction upon reduction, as business increased—as it would inevitably and immensely on such a tariff—until it came down to the point at which communications by mail would be practically superceded, between distant points, with reference to all business transactions.

The true way, the quick way, in every respect the only proper way of relief, is by a Postal Telegraph. Expectation elsewhere is foolish.

Think of it. You can telegraph a twenty-word message from land's end to land's end in Great Britain for a sixpence. And further reductions are expected. And the cost of telegraph work extensively for business purposes is proportionately reduced—night messages going at less than a shilling for fifty words. Five hundred words of press dispatches for country papers, four shillings—one dollar. And telegraphing costs more, construction of telegraph lines costs more, than in the United States. The cost of maintaining lines and of transmitting is far more in that more humid climate. There is no point from which you can view this matter without having your wonder raised to inexpressible amazement at the ignorance and stolidity of the majority of our people—to say nothing of other qualities—as illustrated in submission to the extortions of the telegraph monopoly, when a Postal Telegraph bill of a few plain sections would bring about the desired relief and reform within a very short period.

And the advantage of such a system, and its ultimate beneficent results, are many and vast, aside from the mere matter of convenience. Among the items, note increase in wages for operators, and a demand for the services of twenty men and boys and girls in the business where one is now employed.

And the telegraphic news columns of our metropolitan papers bear evidence to any discriminating newspaper man of an utter lack of an intelligent system and comprehension on the part of the chief managers of the Associated Press.

The San Francisco *Daily Herald*, in '69, for a few months, had its own special Eastern dispatches by cypher, and its vast superiority over the Associated Press messages was so great that it had to be conceded by every reader. [So far superior to the Orton-Simonton hash-up that the Western Union Telegraph Company, in very desperation, broke the contract it had made with the *Herald*.]

Everything in the way of political news is twisted and tortured—where there is no suppression—in the interests of the Republican Party, which is practically the property of the great Telegraph and Railroad Companies.

Is it not a good thing for you and me, and for the whole country, to have honest and able men in Congress?—as it is a good thing for us to have able and efficient generals at the head of our armies in time of war? Now, it is not only a fact that the best men in Congress and in the Senate of the United States within the past few years, have been machined out of these great deliberative bodies by the monopolists of the country; but it is also a fact that now, as well as during the past ten or fifteen years, the people are not justly informed by the Associated Press dispatches from Washington and elsewhere as to the proceedings in which our real statesmen are present. The words of Tilden and Thurman and Austin E. Blair and General Joseph Palmer and Andrew Curtin and Horatio Seymour, are not telegraphed broadcast over the land when they make political speeches or issue political addresses, unless it is first ascertained that by some private enterprise the addresses referred to will be generally disseminated by telegraph. And even then the speeches of those patriots will be garbled and shorn of half their statescraft and strength. But for years we have had the vapors of Blaine and Conkling and Garfield, and creatures of that infinitesimally small mental caliber and incontestably rotten character, spread full upon the telegraph minutes all over the land, with eulogy piled on eulogy over their "eloquence" and their "wisdom" and their "foresight," etc., etc., etc. The people of this country have not known what their strong men have said in strength and honor and justice, so far as the Associated Press and the Western Union Telegraph Company could keep them from knowing it. The Diligent Cunning of Suppression is the long name for the short Art that is one of the Tricks in their catalogue.

This is sometimes termed an Age of Mediocrity. The monopolies are determined that no man of brains and honesty shall receive a nomination even, in a party where there is any probability of success. And if such a man gets into the chief councils of the nation, they will misrepresent wherever they can, and suppress where they can, to the uttermost of their endeavors.

Now, a Postal Telegraph would brush away the whole of this infamous business; and the people would learn and realize with proper sentiments who their great and good men were.

How dare Jim Simonton come into San Francisco and talk about the Postal Telegraph as something that would be an injury to the country newspapers? What an exhibition of superlative mendacity! In Great Britain the weekly newspapers have their special dispatches which they receive for a nominal sum. Give us a Postal Telegraph and the Modesto News, and the Colusa Sun, and the Yolo Democrat and the Petaluma Herald, and every other country newspaper in California, and throughout the country, would be able to receive, and in the natural course of events would take and publish, the latest authentic tidings in regard to great matters of public concern—receiving their telegraphic dispatches from their own private sources at the last hour before publication. Can these papers afford to do anything of the kind now? Why, this is one of the reasons why the country papers have been appealed to by me to take a lively interest in this matter.

No, my dear sir; the people do not realize the extortions of the monopolists. These should be brought right home to them with facts and figures, day by day, so that they felt it on every occasion of patronage.

Every time, sir, that you pay \$7 for a round ticket from Modesto to San Francisco you are simply robbed of three dollars; every time you pay fifty cents for a dispatch from Modesto to San Francisco, you are robbed of from forty to forty-five cents. And so in proportion between almost all other towns and cities.

An honest Railroad Commission, having the power to act, would provide that your fare from Modesto to San Francisco and back should not exceed \$4.

Pass a National Postal Telegraph bill, and the inev it

able consequences will be that within two years there after, you will not have to pay over five cents for a ten-word message from Modesto to San Francisco. Now, you just think of this every time you are robbed by the tariff referred to. And talk to your neighbors about it. And understand whether your candidates for the Legislature—no matter who they are—are in favor of passing a set of resolutions favoring the Postal Telegraph. [Not whether they will introduce blackmail or Sleeping Resolutions of the nature indicated.] Make a missionary of yourself—a citizen missionary—in regard to these matters.

If every citizen in this State who reads this little pamphlet will follow this bit of advice, the next Legislature will see a sweeping majority there anxious and resolute to enact all, and pass all, resolutions with respect to this telegraph monopoly that come within the province of that deliberative body. And we will have a delegation in Congress unanimous for a Postal Telegraph bill.

The Great side-fret, just now, of the *Call* and *Bulletin* is in regard to the water monopoly. Occasionally they will habble about the gas. Here again they expect the people to forget. For years and years the *Bulletin* and *Call* supported these twin local monopolies; owning stock to a large extent in one of the companies. Both sheets then ridiculed the idea of sinking artesian wells—which measure of relief, as against the Bensley and Spring Valley corporations, was first recommended to the people and put into practical operation by Jacob C. Beideman and myself. The managers of the Independent Press have no real care for the interests of the people. They are simply and purely mercenary. They have not got one particle of the flavor of human sympathy in their arterial circulation. They are cold-blooded fishes. But they succeed—they have succeeded and they do now succeed, and for some time to come it seems probable that they will continue to have a large measure of success in pretending to be champions of the people.

Why, some of them have lied and lied and lied about the Postal Telegraph and concerning the Associated Press in a manner and in ways so flagrant as even to astound the oldest observer of their mendacity. Others have pretended to favor a Postal Telegraph until they were given dispatches; or while there was no danger of their editorials having any helpful effect on the movement.

A great want in San Francisco to-day is a good Democratic evening paper. And among the marvel of marvels is the fact that that want is not responded to.

Of course, if we had a Postal Telegraph, such papers as the *Bulletin* and the *Call* and the *Alta* and the *Evening Post* of San Francisco would be speedily superseded by decent and honest newspapers—read daily *Journals*.

Yes, sir: we should travel more rapidly, as well as much more comfortably, by water. We should make the trip to Europe in three days. But the inventions that have led up to this "indication" towards this consummation, have been suppressed. How long?

The monopolies are continually egging on their organs to cry for a reduction of salaries; and the organs are accordingly grinding out new prophecies of a political millennium to be had by such reductions. It is every way in the interests of great corporations to have salaries of public officers put at the lowest figure. In that way it is reasonable for them to expect that a poor order of talent and a low sentiment of morality will be represented in public stations, in official positions. Men in offices which it is desirable to control in the interests of the great corporations are often directly pensioned by these corporations, and by that means absolutely owned by them. Sometimes it is sufficient for the purposes of these great tyrants, to get weak and timid men in office, whom they can bulldoze with their pugilistic pettifoggers, or mislead and dictate to by independent newspaper editorials.

The grasping avarice of these corporations extends in all directions. A few years ago a plan was laid to capture some of the county offices in each county, by an absolute transfer of county official duties to corporation



agents. And the movement was adroitly started in a Democratic county. Some of the influential citizens in that county were bought up, and some prominent and conscientious men were deceived into favor for the movement. The plan was for a transfer of the moneys and the duties of the County Treasurers into the local banks or into the office of the express company (Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express now being owned principally by the Central Pacific Railroad Company.) And from that beginning—after a general, hoped-for adoption of the County Treasury transfer—the scheme was to bring at least the County Recorder and the County Surveyor directly under the same management.

The talk was: "What is the use in paying a salary to a County Treasurer? The money can just as well be passed over by the Sheriff or the Collector into the local bank or the express company's office, and there kept, with a bond for safe-keeping, by clerks whose salaries will not be charged up against the county!" (The monopolists having the use of the money for many months).

Again: "We have plenty of civil surveyors lying around loose, whom we can easily detach for special services in the various counties, at a nominal charge to the county." So they would have the people's money and the power of profit thereof; and so they would have the county lines and subdivisions under their mapping; and so they would have had all the far-reaching power springing therefrom.

That country is prosperous, that state is rich, where every industrious citizen is well-to-do. And the plan of the monopolies is directly towards making the rich richer and the poor poorer. This is undisguised and avowed within their own circles. They despise the people—these managers of the monopolies and these managers and flunkies of the independent press. They do not believe in a God or in a Judgment, though some of them pass church plates or serve as deacons or vestry men;—and they all join in the grand jubilee choruses whenever they can succeed in cutting down the wages of a hard-working public officer. For as soon as official salaries are cut down, they have a fresh excuse for cutting down the wages of their clerks and bookkeepers, and engineers and superintendents.

"Employ Chinese?" Yes. Charles Crocker once said at Reno, Nevada, in the presence of a number of persons, shortly after the track was laid to that place, that within a few years the Central Pacific Railroad Company would have Chinese engineers and other Chinese train officers.

In 1867-'68, ex-United States Senator William Sharon proposed to introduce Chinese into the mines on the Comstock. His purpose coming to the knowledge of the miners and preliminary preparations being made by them to resist the introduction of Mongolian labor, one of Sharon's agents declared to the Reverend Father (now Bishop) Manogue, of Virginia City, that the militia would be called out to sustain this movement to displace white laborers by coolies, and that Governor Elsdell had been telegraphed to, at White Pine, with that purpose; that a company of regular United States soldiers had been stopped at Reno with the declared design of having them aid in this project.

The Rev. Father Manogue told Mr. Sharon's book-keeper and next friend, N. A. H. Ball—(Mr. Ball notifying the Rev. Father voluntarily and advising him to aid in keeping the peace)—that he could not be held in any way responsible for the actions of the white miners, in case the attempt was made to supplant them by coolies. And Father Manogue told Mr. Ball that he believed that if the attempt spoken of was made, there would not be a hoisting works building or a mill between Cedar Ravine, in Storey county, and Empire City, in Ormsby, that would not be in flames within twenty-four hours.

Charles Crocker & Co. and Sharon & Co. dared not carry out these plans. But their disposition was clearly manifested, and it illustrates the wish and sentiments of their kind as they exist unto this day.

You say that it is "funny" to read Haynes' attack on Conkling. Well, I suppose it is left to us to extract some enjoyment out of all such things. But to me it is such a humiliating spectacle that I can hardly afford to laugh at it.

Hayes and Conkling are both men of very small abilities. If you have never heard Conkling speak, you have a disappointment in store;—if you have placed any reliance on the high-sounding eulogies which the Associated Press agents have repeatedly bestowed upon him. There is no real logic in the man. Witness, in proof of this, his "reasoning" in his speech at the New York Academy of Music last summer, wherein he attacked the South by a showing of exports and imports! Even the New York *Evening Post* could not abide, but had to ridicule, such false premises as he laid down and such incorrect deductions as he drew even from his unjust and slanderous statements. And in point of ability, his highest achievement is seen in constructing an elaborate sneer at some other Republican in power, whom—although quite as likely a man as he is—he chooses to denounce. He is a cheap, sinister fellow. Frank Pixley complains very bitterly of his treatment of Pixley at the Chicago Convention of 1880. Frank had cause of complaint. Frank and Roscoe are of about the same pattern in morals and manners and intellect; and after Frank's toadying to Grant in San Francisco, Roscoe had probable cause for believing that he would be the General's friend in the campaign.

Conkling is not any smarter than Frank Pixley or any of the turn-coat corporation flunkies in California. In intellect he is not above Creed Haymond, Grove L. Johnson, Newton Booth or T. G. Phelps. He is not a man of as much ability as Henry Edgerton or Judge Sanderson—by no manner of means.

Now, it seems to me that the talk of Haynes against Conkling, as recently reported, is simply another great disclosure of shamelessness. Conkling knew that Haynes had no right to the Presidential chair. Haynes was informed at the time, he now states, that Conkling so expressed himself. And yet as a Senator of the United States he sat still and unprotestingly witnessed, and even took a part in, the consummation of that great fraud. So did Roscoe Conkling; only great—if there be any bigness in his mind or manners—only great in infancy.

As for Haynes! He must be an exceedingly small brained creature, as weighed in the catalogue of "statesmen!" Look at his opportunity! Opportunity as was never before given in this country to mortal man; such an opportunity as Cæsar did not have. How insignificant Haynes must appear in the conjunction of his intellect and conscience, when we consider that opportunity. And look at it even in the points of a wise selfishness.

If he had said in 1877 to the Visiting Statesmen of the Republican party and to all the people of the United States: "No; I have not been elected to the office of chief executive of this nation. The man who has been chosen by the voters to fill that office is Samuel J. Tilden, of New York."—What a splendid immortality of renown would have been obtained by him, by such a declaration of that which he knew to be true! Better than to have been President all the days of his life. And what a patriotic service for his country! What immense, immediate moral and material benefits would have flowed from such an act of supreme honor. O blind, foolish man!

Messrs. Hoar, and Dawes, and Blaine, and Chandler, and Rollins, and Hawley, and their colleagues in the national legislature from New England, do not believe one syllable about the alleged atrocities in the South, to which they pretend to refer with such holy horror and heart-felt sympathy. They know better. Pshaw! Of course they do! The leading politicians and principal clergymen of New England, are to blame for the abused minds of thousands upon thousands of good people in that section of the country who regularly vote the Republican ticket, and who do believe the Anna Pinkerton stories.

When you go into New England and find a man who is liberal in his ideas, and has integrity conjoined with real independence of thought, and industry in personal investigation as to political matters, you find a Democrat.

I know that nine out of every ten of the leading Democrats in New England, to-day, are men who were either absolutely in the Republican ranks or the Union ranks during the war—actively engaged therein—or the sons of such men.

Yes; it does not seem possible that another National campaign can be conducted on the sectional cry. And yet, that is what we said four years ago.

Talk about men in New Hampshire voting for General Jackson twenty years after he was dead; why, there are hundreds and hundreds of good people in New England who will continue to vote the Last War just so long as the monopolists can keep such creatures—such small, lying creatures—as Hoar and Dawes and Rollins in seats in the chief councils of the nation, and in the opening speech-desk of the New England State conventions.

A Postal Telegraph would break the back-bone of sectionalism as an element in national politics. A Postal Telegraph would speedily result in informing the people as to the comparative littleness of such creatures as Dawes and Hoar and Rollins and Chandler and Blaine—as well as serve to meet with instant, nation-wide refutation their "Southern outrage" falsehoods.

Because honest journalists could afford to start newspapers, and have direct and correct intelligence from the Capitol at Washington, and full and just reports as to the public consultations and debates and arguments; and direct and correct tidings from every point of alleged excitement or interest.

The People now do not know the greatness of their great men, or the feebleness of the so-called political giants of the day. Such men as George W. Julian and Austin E. Blair and Jos E. Palmer—O, I have not space to go through the catalogue that is familiar to my daily thoughts—such men are driven out of politics or driven out of public life, driven out of Congress, and their words and actions are hidden from the people, by the instrumentality of the telegraph monopoly and its side departments—including all its Independent and Republican organs.

If Daniel Webster was alive, in all his intellectual strength and glory, to-day, and a member of the United States Senate, and should get up on the floor of that Council Chamber and, with his masterly method of statement, expose and denounce the telegraph and railroad monopolies, and argue, in his ponderous way, in favor of measures for the emancipation of the people from the tyranny of these monopolies, there would be two or three little paragraphs concerning his speech telegraphed abroad to the Associated Press—conjoined with the statement that "the old man is breaking down," that it was evident that his faculties were sadly impaired; that there was great expectation and great disappointment in the Senate and in the galleries respecting his speech.

And there would be, at the same time, columns devoted to Hoar's and Blaine's and Edmunds' "exhaustive and overwhelming reply to the pragmatical old gentleman"—imagining the least of puffs, puffs for such as Edmunds is, and the least of indecency in expressions of contempt for Webster and respecting his speech.

And at the very next session of the Massachusetts Legislature which had a Senator to elect, under the force of monopoly bribery, and intimidation and blandishments, some such crawling, sliveling, whining, sneaking, lying creature as Dawes or Hoar would be sent to the National Legislature, to snivel and shuffle and "rattle around" in the place which the God-like Daniel had majestically and magnificently filled.

You press me to know what my confidence is or what my expectations are in regard to the anti-monopoly movement, in its largest sense considered. That is, whether I have any real hope or expectation of a future victory by the people over these tyrants this side of Revolution? I must confess that I am not as sanguine of the future in this respect as I was up to the defeat of such a man as Hancock by such a man as Garfield. Still, it seems to me that the burden will grow so insupportable that some measure of relief will be adopted, through the Democratic party, before another four years shall have closed.

To tide along and tide along—meanwhile growing stronger and stronger—is what the monopolists now seek. Their art is to amuse the people with side-show

issues and excitements; and to try and make them believe that the political millenium can be reached by reducing the salaries of public officers to a nominal sum. Their agents will raise and inflate local issues about comparatively trifling extortions, by local companies in San Francisco and elsewhere on this coast, just before every election—so as to blind and divert the people. And, if necessary, such men as George Wm. Curtis and Carl Schurz will be instructed by their owners to whirl around and make a new pretense of sympathy with the people and hostility to monopoly domination. Anything to keep the real power in the hands of the avowed or recently-placed servants of the kings. The avowed agents of the railroad and telegraph monopolies will make their influence felt, with money in hand, in regard to candidates for important office in any party or organizations that have the present promise of success. The George Wm. Cortises and Carl Schurzes and Whitelaw Reids, and Frank Pixleys will, mayhap, denounce Republican candidacies (put up to be defeated) and advocate railroad and telegraph monopoly "Democrats."

Meanwhile, there will be thousands of blatherskite demagogues who will preach to scores of expectant office holders that, no doubt, within three or four years, the great question before the American people may be, "Whether the monopolies or the people shall rule in this country?" But, at the present time, the great question is as to who should be Auditor of the county!

All helping to tide along; perhaps unto that day when Relief and Reform will be impossible—save by 1776 methods.

You say that George Gorham announces that the railroad companies were against the nomination of Grant at Chicago. I have always felt convinced that that was so. But, of course, Gorham does not give the right version of the matter.

The difficulty with Grant, as a railroad monopoly man, was, that he could not be considered entirely reliable as a direct servant.

Blaine was the railroad companies' man. And, when they could not get Blaine, Garfield was their choice. With Blaine, it was a straight road—between the railroad and telegraph quarters and the White House. With Grant, there might be some difficulty, on account of his obstinacy in nominating Cabinet officers, and such little matters, in which the corporations would be interested during his Administration! Not because of any suspected latent hostility to monopolies—nothing of that kind—certainly not on account of any ever declared hostility;—but because—on account of some "whim"—he might insist on putting in "the wrong man in the right place"—some Bristow or Devens, who would not be entirely at the command of Jay Gould and President Green and Jim Simonton and Huntington and Stanford and Crocker.

It was a matter of preference, of absolute preference. The monopolists, the railroad monopolists especially, have been nursing up Blaine for years and years. He is preeminently *their man*. Unsuccessful in their efforts to secure Blaine's nomination—(and the monopoly agents who worked for his success at Chicago must not be blamed too much by their masters—for the country is large, and a national nominating convention is unwieldy)—and the railroad and telegraph companies had not, as yet, got any of the Southern States well in hand)—failing to secure Blaine's nomination, they succeeded in obtaining the next best thing—Garfield,—Garfield at the head of the Presidential ticket.

No intelligent, unprejudiced and honest citizen will undertake to question for a moment the fact, that all the powers of the monopolies were exercised in favor of Garfield and against Hancock.

The monopolists are cunning in having such papers as the San Francisco *Chronicle*—directed to profess anti-monopoly sentiments during three years, and then giving all the "benefit of their circulation" in favor of the candidate of the monopolists for the chief executive chair.

This ought to be among the simplicities by this time; and no intelligent person should be deceived or influenced by the branded sheet, or "the like of it."



No; Conkling never has been an anti-monopolist. He has been the servant of the gold ring and of the railroad ring, and preeminently of the telegraph ring; voting even against allowing railroad telegraph lines to carry private commercial messages when there was a threat of competition from that source; and his present speech, and the present talk of his flunkies about anti-monopoly sentiment on his part, is supremely audacious and absurd. Conkling, and Beck, of Kentucky, have been the strong pillars of the telegraph monopoly for several years past in the Senate of the United States; and, in return for his services, the Telegraph Company have puffed, puffed, puffed Conkling on every occasion.

Beck is one of that class of men who have swung from the Protection and Internal Improvements doctrines of ultra-Whiggism to the other side of the circle. And the telegraph monopoly have nursed him tenderly and shrewdly as one of their next friends in the United States Senate. While Field is the railroad's pet, Beck is the choice of the telegraph devil-fish—in the Democratic party.

"A Postal Telegraph" is an original Democratic proposition, as shown in my lecture on the subject.

No. There was not any bribery by Fair in Nevada. There was no necessity for any. All the hurrah on that occasion was gotten up for the purpose of heading off investigation in regard to the use of money in the State of California, which resulted in the election of the President of the Fur Seal Company monopoly to the Senate of the United States. Nevada is naturally a Democratic State. Take away the corruption of money and Federal patronage from that little commonwealth, and its vote would have shown a majority of thousands instead of hundreds, for General Hancock. I know the State well. Senator Fair had no occasion to contribute anything more than a reasonable amount to the legitimate campaign fund of the Democratic party in that State. He was known to be a very wealthy man.

Bill Sharon was of the opinion, doubtless, that Senator Fair might spend large sums in the contest, and knowing that Nevada was legitimately a Democratic State, and that Senator Fair could spend as much money as he, if he was so disposed, in such a canvass, Sharon drew out; and, keeping his purse-strings closed, the natural result was a Democratic victory, in spite of the Federal pap influence, and the money that was tossed in from the outside General Fund of the monopolists.

You know very well that the same thing may be said of the State of California. Permit the people of this State to once vote uninfluenced by bribery and intimidation and promises of Federal offices, and they would poll a Democratic majority of from 25,000 to 40,000 votes.

The corruption that resulted in sending the President of the Fur Seal Company to Washington, as Senator, should have been investigated. That is to say, an attempt should have been faithfully made in the California Legislature to investigate this matter. I am not prepared to say that such an investigation was prevented or warped off by the lies in regard to the Nevada election, which I have referred to. But those lies were studiously invented and circulated with that very purpose in view.

It is, indeed, from one standpoint, a great marvel that these monopolists should insist upon their extortions and go into all their rotten schemes in order to keep them up. If they would charge reasonable rates they would in the end—within a year—make, at least, as much money as they do now, and would be regarded by the people as public benefactors. But they are such hogs that they cannot look over the dollar and a half of to-day and see the greater yield of the coming year—as compared with the present receipts.

If we had a postal telegraph, there would soon be twelve persons—men, women and children—employed, where there is now one person on the roll of the Western Union Telegraph Company. And the demand for operators and workmen would rapidly increase, with maintenance at good wages, and with clear opportunities for inventors and the more skillful employees.

Suppose the railroad charged one-half its present fares from here to the East. Three passenger trains would be required daily, where one now meets the demands of traffic. And in the end the railroad company would be the gainer, while thousands would find employment; and business from without, from other portions of the globe, would pour in upon us with an immensely increased volume.

Competition may ultimately do something in the way of reducing the freights and fares on railroads, for a short time; competition may do a little towards reducing telegraph tolls within a few years; cheaper fuel and more inexpensive locomotives, etc., will probably bring about this result. But what the people ought to have is not a slight or a temporary reduction, but an enormous and a permanent relief from the burdens of extortion. Competition may reduce the cost of a ten-word dispatch from San Francisco to New York from \$2 down to \$1, or to 50 cents, within the next five or six years. But what the people ought to have is the opportunity and right—fixed at a maximum—of sending a twenty-word dispatch across the continent for not more than 25 cents;—so tariffed at the beginning of the Postal Telegraph operations. And then the law should prescribe reductions in proportion to the income; should (and would, under a faithful administration by the Democratic party) soon bring the tolls down so that for 5 cents a ten-word message could be transmitted from our Land's End to Land's End.

It was undoubtedly proper that the Congress of the United States should require the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the Union Pacific Railroad Company to pay in the amounts which the Thurman bill provided, on their indebtedness to the Government. This measure ought to have been passed, but another measure should have been first enacted.

There is provision in the original Pacific Railroad bill, under which the fares can be reduced on these two national roads one half, by a single stroke of legislation. And, for years past, it has only required the presence of one resolute, honest, energetic man in either House of Congress to have made the Representatives of the people, and the people themselves, understand this fact. A majority of Senators and Congressmen are ignorant of the privilege and opportunity that they have had in this respect. The railroad companies have been very careful in making sure that no man was sent from this coast who would introduce such a bill, or advocate it vigorously and earnestly, if it was introduced.

Yes; I was amused on reading the declamation of Daggett of Nevada, about anti-monopoly. When I lived in that State, he thought I did wrong in warning and urging legislation—(1864 to 1868)—against Railroad Company tyranny. I hope that he and others who are associated with him are sincere in this change of attitude on this question, and will make proof of sincerity whenever reformatory efforts in legislation come to a focalizing point.

Yes; I can give you any amount of illustration of the stupendous extortions of the Western Union Telegraph Company. As long ago as 1879, I procured from one of the most accomplished electricians in the country—a gentleman experienced in building lines on this coast—the following estimate for the construction of a line of overland telegraph from San Francisco to Omaha—a two wire line:

San Francisco to Sacramento, per mile:	
Poles.....	\$ 30
Insulators.....	6
Wire.....	106
Labor.....	10

\$152x117 miles—\$17,734

Sacramento to Reno, per mile:	
Poles.....	\$ 75
Insulators.....	12
Wire.....	110
Labor.....	20

\$217x151 miles—\$33,418

Reno to Omaha, per mile:

Poles.....	\$ 56
Insulators.....	7
Wire.....	120
Labor.....	20

\$203x1,573 miles—\$319,319

Total cost of line completed from San Francisco to Omaha, \$370,521.

The total cost of instruments and office-connecting wire will not exceed \$60 for each office.

Line consists of two thoroughly insulated wires on same set of poles. Poles capable of carrying eight additional wires.

On this line, worked to full capacity for twenty hours per day, at one cent per word, the receipts would be \$710,800 per annum. Worked one-half the time at one cent per word, the gross receipts in one year would nearly pay the original cost. Worked one-fourth of the time—five hours per day—the income, in one year would pay all expenses, and *twenty-eight per cent*, per annum on the investment;—the tariff, mark you, being one cent per word!

The bonanza people have an opportunity to invest their money in such a way as to secure the benedictions of the people and reap large profits. Let them extend their narrow gauge roads throughout the State and across the center of the continent, and put the freights and fares at a reasonable rate, and, while they will get good interest for their money, they will not fail of that reward which comes in the form of a recognition of a true and generous business enterprise by the long-suffering American public.

It is in "the nature" of the monopolist, according to experience and observation, to co-operate and coalesce with his fellow, when that fellow monopolist gets so large and powerful that there is a real rivalry in the business of the twain. "How long will it be after the new trans-continental roads are completed across the centre and north of the continent before they combine openly?" Not a long time, in all probability, judging from the past. But we should seek for legislation and a strong public sentiment meanwhile, to combat the projects of such union of interests. Can't we make some of our rich railroad men appreciate the excellence of justly conducted railroad enterprises, by force of public sentiment—as well as hold them to fair terms by the iron word of law?

Yes; some people talk of the corruption of our Courts by the monopolies as if it was a matter of recent occurrence or development!

The monopolists have been electing judges—forcing their nomination upon the Conventions—for at least twelve years last past. And they have got their creatures in most of the United States District Courts of the land. It is notorious that the Central Pacific Railroad Company bought votes in the California Legislature, years ago, with the promise of U. S. District Judgeships in adjacent territories. And the Central Pacific Railroad Company was able to fulfill some of its promises; and it now has some things in territorial judgeships, before which, with a parade that is even ludicrous, they roll their directors' car, full of railroad lawyers!

Well; perhaps it is necessary, or at least expedient, to marshal this display of legal talent in one of their cases in order to hoodwink some people. These monopolists are fearful; "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

One good, honest, upright and thoroughly informed Democratic majority in both houses of Congress, co-operating with a Democratic President, would accomplish all the anti-monopoly reform that is needed, and that I have outlined. It can all be done in one session. The Postal Telegraph bill need not be many sections long. I have shaped a model many times. And the enactment of a plain, simple bill of two sections would give us reasonable passenger fares across the continent forthwith.

Anything to keep the people's minds away from learning and understanding, fully comprehending, and honestly and inflexibly resolving, and wisely putting resolutions into practice through competent and courageous and conscience-bound representatives. Anything, any device, any hurrah, any funny or side-show business, that the national *monopolies may live and grow fatter and fatter and stronger and stronger*. Any Kearney that has got a new yell for reform, or any independent sheet that has got a new groan or howl for reform elsewhere, can walk up to the captain's office and get small change for such bamboozling business.

Yes; I know there is some pretense of concentrating anti-monopoly sentiment through anti-monopoly leagues—expressly so-called. *That is a device of the enemy*. Honest men are to be trapped again by the George William Curtis breed of hypocrites. There will be no adequate and speedy relief accomplished through those organizations. If the people do not get it through the Democratic party, they will never get legislative relief until after Revolution. I do admit that we have some black sheep in our fold in Congress, as a matter of course; but they are few and far between, thank God.

In the character of the majority of the men in the Democratic party in Congress during the last six years, I have had a high and abiding confidence. What they have omitted to do cannot be put to the account of a lack of a right disposition and pure hearts. Noble has been the record of the majority of the Democratic Congressmen and Senators since 1873.

I doubt not that if there had been a man from this coast, during this period, to have stood up in either House, with the information and the will and the power of speech requisite for a commanding statement in regard to our railroad and telegraph monopolies here, the cause of anti-monopoly in this country would have had an immense start forward; if a comprehensive and conclusive victory would not have been absolutely won.

This is not a new-born zeal with me. The letters which I have given elsewhere in this little pamphlet, disclose that fact. And in the Nevada Senate, on many occasions, I prophesied all the woes of railroad monopoly thralldom to the people of this coast that have come upon them in the succeeding fifteen years—showing plainly, at that time, the way in which all this pictured tyranny and all this flood-tide of corruption in politics, caused by these tyrants, could be obviated, prevented and rendered impossible.

I knew the Stanfords, and the Crockers and their associates. I knew them, warp and filling. I knew what was to be expected from them. If they once got their hands on the throats of the people, I knew—and I prophesied in a speech which was reported by Mr. Cutler, and of which I have the short-hand notes—that the Railroad Company would be a great and the corrupting lobby power in California and Nevada; that the people would be charged fifty per cent above a reasonable railroad tariff, and their State and Federal legislators induced not to pass anti-monopoly laws.

I could have been Congressman, I could have been United States Senator, if I had held my peace on these topics or agreed to act under monopoly dictation. But those places are barren to me if I have to go there knowing that legislators are elected with the money of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, or that their votes are bought and paid for with the money of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, in my behalf. Life is too short for these things—if you put the moral consideration no higher than that. I believe in a God and a future judgment upon every man's actions. And I consider every man who takes a public office, knowing that it is bought and paid for with the money of corporation-monopoly, as no better, in any respect, than the traitor or thief who is not hedged about with the "respectabilities" which these monopoly monarchs enlist or build up!

I have no confidence in, and no respect for, the public representative or the judge upon the bench who talks anti-monopoly and then goes and dines and wines with the monopoly corporation masters, in their palaces; eating and drinking and making merry with these dukes of plunder and debauchery, on Nob Hill or Fifth avenue.



We must not speak plain about these things! Oh, no! We must not whisper about them. Oh, indeed, many is the man in San Francisco who pretends to be a man, who will cry "hush," on the street, if you hiss, before the nominating conventions meet, your hostilities to these monopolies—you being known as an earnest anti-monopoly man. Of course these same shadows of humanity, skeletons of manhood, will get up in Workingmen's Conventions, and Dennis Kearny Conventions, and Stalwart Conventions, and denounce monopoly. And some will crawl barefooted into Democratic Conventions, and loudly proclaim their anti-monopoly sentiments. And then they will take a free pass and two or three thousand dollars and go to Cincinnati, and try and secure the nomination of that cold-blooded piece of railroad and telegraph monopoly, known as Stephen J. Field.

You must not use harsh words about these railroad kings. You must not name their doings, with an opprobrious epithet for the doers. If you do, you are not a gentleman!

How shall you speak of them, if you speak of them at all? Have they not robbed this people? Have they not corrupted our legislators? Have they not nominated and secured the election of creatures as Governors, and corrupted this commonwealth? Do they not own men, body, boots and breeches, who are the nominal representatives of the people, in the National Legislature at Washington? Shall you say nothing about them? Nothing but sweet words! Because they are church deacons and vestrymen, and what not? And give good gifts to lawyers and doctors and ministers, who have passed into places or positions of influence on the strength of anti-monopoly sentiments, and then sold out to these lordly millionaires?

I tell you, sir! When you pay fifteen cents for a ferry passage from San Francisco to Oakland, you are robbed of ten cents. When you pay fifty cents for a ten-word message from San Francisco to Sacramento, you are robbed of forty-five cents. And so you can go through the tariff.

These charges should have been brought down to a reasonable standard by honest legislatures, National and State. They are not so reduced, because Legislatures, National and State, are corrupted by the men who take the benefit of these enormous exactions and put them into treasuries out of which they can and do buy the professed representatives of the people.

Is that plain enough?

No; I don't speak as plainly or as fully as I ought. I have to bear the expense of my own speech, whatever it may be. I cannot give publication to all details with which I wish the public was supplied. But to the uttermost of my ability and opportunity, I speak.

The monopolists and their creatures in the Republican party are determined not only to rob and to rule today, but they are determined to write history for the coming generations.

One thing I shall do—and that I shall do without a grain of personal ill feeling in the premises. However insignificant it may now appear, I will announce it—and we unto me if I do it not: I will leave memoirs after me that will give the true history of many men in California who are now high in public honor or public confidence, but who, for their treason to the State and their help to tyrants, deserve nothing but public execration. And when we shall have all passed away, let my children or my children's children—if time shall continue so long—use a wise discretion in spreading them before what I hope will be an interested and appreciative and grateful people.

If we had a Postal Telegraph, every Democratic paper could, and naturally, and, you may say, necessarily would have its own reporters at Washington, New York and other main points of news. What a different (because correct) idea the people would soon have of discussions and orders in our National Legislature. Even the Associated Press, while it lingered in existence, would be compelled, by force of such clear and enduring rivalry, to occasionally approximate a fair report. \* \* \* \* Undoubtedly Conkling had a bargain with

Garfield at Mentor. Of course, it was not put in writing, and, perhaps, it was not explicitly stated in detail in words, but it was perfectly well understood by both parties; and, on the strength of it, Conkling used his usual methods for and in behalf of the perjurers' and bribe-takers' ticket in New York and elsewhere. Of course it is the fact, that Garfield has added to the iniquity of the original covenant, the fact (call it sin or no) of treachery and ingratitude. He may think to hide the former by the virtue which some will attach to the latter.

He "goes back" on Conkling, but not on the monopolists. He is true to the holders of the great outside cash-boxes of corruption.

The Dorsey Banquet was a great champagne-fed chuckle over the success of the confessed corruption by which the State of Indiana—an admittedly "Democratic State"—was put in the roll of "Radical," in October and November, 1880. A more unblushing exhibition of the moral degradation of the Republican Party could not have been prepared. Of course Garfield's congratulations were there.

Compare the leaders of the Radical party with the leaders of the Democratic party, and, if you are an honest, intelligent man, you cannot hesitate as to your associations in party lines. Can you imagine Horatio Seymour, or Horace Greeley, or Samuel J. Tilden, or Winfield S. Hancock asking for party aid from branded thieves, or sitting at or sending sympathetic messages to such a banquet as the Dorsey affair!

O, yes, they will make much of every such thing. Garfield is not a scholar, in the higher sense of the word. But, of course, he will be declared to be a great linguist, and all that. One sentence from the opening pages of Ollendorff's German Teacher is enough for the Associated Press. "He speaks German like a native." He said, in parrot tone, "Welcome all," in German! O, Heavens! what a linguist. [What did he say to the Boat Club after election? It was not "welcome all."] Garfield made two gross mistakes in his speech at Chicago, which the telegraph boy corrected. [See *National Telegrapher*.] Garfield said that Xerxes led the Greeks; but the telegraph boy knew better.

You feel the convenience of the postal cards and the city street-corner P. O. Box. It comes home to every poor man's door and heart. Would you have the tariff turned back to 16 cents on each letter, and then give the practical monopoly of carrying to a private express company? When you write a postal, and immediately appreciate the cheapness and comfort of the dispatch by mail, reflect on the immensely greater advantage of communication you would have if your words were to be taken from the green letter-box, or at the Postoffice station, and forthwith transmitted by telegraph to your relatives or friends, your dear old mother, or your dying school or college comrade, now in the East! (or your lass or lover!) This is an advantage of civilization, under our general government, you should sow have; that you would have with a Postal Telegraph.

There is no originality in J. A. Garfield. I have read his speeches and letters—prompted thereto, of course, by the candidacy and the laudations of the man. Most of what he has written on political matters is as insipid as chalk. He would not supply with his whole cranium the material for the northeast corner of such men as Tilden, or Thurman, or Austin E. Blair. His greatest point seems to have been the quotation of some Bank Ring sophistry, and then striking an attitude and challenging: "Let the gentleman wrestle with that, if he can." And this, over and over and over again, *ad nauseam*. He is a mediocre man, but most distinguished in his utter and educated obsequy to the money and monopoly powers of the land. But Garfield has such a brilliant war record! In 1866 the Radical house of Harper Bros. published "Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals," by Wm. F. G. Shanks, a war correspondent, in which Sherman and Grant and other Generals are highly extolled. See page 266 of that book, for, incidentally, a mention of Garfield and an old woman, at Chickamauga—two miles from the field of battle—guessing where the fighting was going on!

The fact to which you refer may be accurately stated in this way, I think: The people were deceived into per-

mitting Sherman and Garfield and Morton and Sargent & Co. to swindle them out of the rightful President of 1876-80. There can be now no sort of question with any sane man that Samuel J. Tilden was duly elected President of the United States in 1876. Although his words during the canvass, and between the election and the seating of the hypocrite and taker of stolen goods, Hayes, were unreported or misreported, as far as the managers of the Associated Press thought it prudent for them to suppress or garble or altogether misstate in this connection, it did come to our ears even by the tardily delivered telegraphic message—(bound to come in due course of mail, and therefore allowed to leak through the monopolists' tub of "news")—it did come to our knowledge that Samuel J. Tilden said and sought to proclaim that the people should assemble in mass meetings in their respective towns and cities, and hear the facts stated, and formally demand the inauguration as President of the man who was elected to that office. Necessarily following, consequent upon such meetings, there would have been an effective organization of the people in support of such demand; and the outcome would have been the installation of Samuel J. Tilden in the Chief Executive chair of this Union.

The Democracy of Indiana began to act upon this simple and sage and sufficient suggestion from the man who had been elected President. Then the "O hush!" and "O hush!" "sh—sh—sh—sh!" began. All the managers of the Independent Press—some of whom had blurted out a confession of the most obvious fact—the most obvious fact in the world—that Samuel J. Tilden had been elected President of the United States—I say that all the Independent Press managers took a new fee and began to bawl "sh—sh—sh—sh!"—being very noisy in requesting everybody else to keep very quiet. Especially, with great condescension of manner and emphasis, with the very air of magnanimity, these venal, cunning creatures turned their special appeals to "leading Democrats," as they fondled the men whom they dominated, and begged them to be quiet, and to see to it that no one of the rank and file made noisy protest against the robbery that was in course of perpetration.

More than this. Worse than this, infinitely. The avowed Radical and the Independent Press managers editorially endorsed the lies of the Associated Press Telegraphic column in this: The telegrams from one portion of the Union to the other bore the statement daily that the Democrats here and the Democrats there were, in mind and heart, indifferent upon the question as to who should receive the votes of Louisiana and Florida and South Carolina in the Electoral College. The people in the several States were, in great measure, deceived as to the sentiments of the Democracy in the other portions of the Union, by this infamous misrepresentation of popular judgment and desire. The Democracy in Indiana were informed that the Democracy in California desired nothing but peace, peace, peace, and were only fearful lest some imprudent, hot-headed, prominent Democrat should propose organization in an effective way for the purpose of seeing to it that the Jefferson of our generation was inaugurated in the office to which he had been elected. Those who called or attended the few meetings that were held in Indiana were specially informed by the lying Associated Press that their acts were wholly disapproved by the Democracy elsewhere. Every effort on the part of honest Democrats in any large town or city to secure action in accordance with the advice of the President-elect, was watched, and, so far as possible, thwarted.

Unfortunately, most unfortunately, by bribery or intimidation, or some sort of blandishment, the monopolists found it no difficult matter to bring to their aid in this infamous business men who had been accepted as leaders in the Democratic Party—many of whom had held, or still occupied, high positions of honor and trust, in which they had been placed by the Democratic Conventions and Democratic votes.

Finding that it was impossible to get our committees in this city—at least it was impossible for me to secure the desired action—to call a mass meeting for the purpose above indicated, I engaged Dashaway Hall, and wrote out notices for publication for a meeting of this kind. I showed my form of notice to Colonel Hoge and D. B. Woolf and Henry George. I was going to the printing office when Mr. George met me in the hallway of the Supreme Court building. He said he would

co-operate with me, but he thought it best to try and get some of the members of the State Committee to take the initiative. I told him that I had already made an appeal to individual members there in vain; but I was willing he should make a similar application. I was always willing to take a back seat, and I have always paid deference to regularly constituted authorities when they came anywhere near doing their duty.

Well, Mr. George went to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where it had been announced that State Committee men and other prominent men would have a consultation with respect to calling public meetings for the purpose before stated—consultation about this matter especially, as well as about some other matters. George came back from this consultation gathering, at which William Irwin and Eugene Casserly were present, in a state of utter demoralization. "Why," said George to me, "they laughed at me! They said it was the most ridiculous thing they ever heard! Everything was going along all right, and nothing could be more unwise or absurd! I understood either from George, or from some one else, that Pickering of the *Call* was either present at that meeting; or had his hushing advice quoted thereat. (If Tilden had been inaugurated, this old dye-pot would have professed to have been his next friend, I suppose. But the idea of taking his advice on such a question! There is absurdity for you—unless you attach a sinister motive to the action at that time and in that place of William Irwin and Eugene Casserly and other so-called "leaders"—present and approving.)

I was going on to hold a meeting, notwithstanding the State Capitol lodgers had met the mind of Pickering in the hush business. Just then Leander Quint came to me and said that E. D. Sawyer—an old line and well known Republican leader—would preside at such a meeting, it being agreed that I was to make the opening and principal speech of the evening. I told Judge Quint that I was more than willing that some one else should have charge of such a meeting, and that others should speak to the exclusion of myself, providing it was an up-and-up Tilden-inauguration-demand assembly. And Judge Quint told me that that was precisely what Judge Sawyer desired. I put my testimonial of respect in every letter that I wrote about this matter, for Judge E. D. Sawyer and E. T. Batters, of this city, both of whom were ready to act at a public meeting, at which resolutions should be passed declaring that Tilden had been elected, and must be seated as President of the United States. Then, persuaded by the plea that the Electoral Commission "settled all things," this plan was abandoned by Judge Quint and his immediate associates. I thought then that it was too late for me to do any effective work with a meeting of my own summoning; as indeed it was.

If a mass meeting had been held in San Francisco at the date to which I first refer in this connection, I am firmly of the opinion Tilden would have been inaugurated. The Associated Press could not have altogether concealed the largeness and importance and emphasis of the meeting; knowing that private dispatches and private letters would bear the text of the resolutions to Indiana, and New York and elsewhere; knowing that similar meetings would follow in Sacramento, and San Jose, and Marysville, and Los Angeles, and Virginia City, and Portland, Oregon, on this coast. We could have broken up this "O hush!" business.

We should have had an investigation into the election last fall in New York and Indiana. At least, we should have had a searching investigation. Such an investigation was started, and the "O hush!" business of the monopolists again brought to bear. The hands and hearts of our brethren in Indiana and New York should have been strengthened for the purposes of such an investigation, by the expressed sentiment of great public meetings in San Francisco and elsewhere. I proposed to call such a meeting myself a few days after the last Presidential election. I very respectfully gave the State Central Committee the option of calling such a meeting; and after hearing my statement with respect to it, the Committee agreed, and went so far as to engage Union Hall, music, etc., for the occasion.

I will tell you some other time precisely how I understand the State Committee to have been brought under the pressure of the "O, hush!" business. It is sufficient for me now to say, that that committee was induced to reconsider this appointment.



You can rely upon it, that hereafter I shall hold my own camp-meeting, without consultation with any of the elders in California.

I believe that it may be truly said, that but for the action of the railroad monopoly lawyers and office-holders in California, in 1876-77, as above noted, we would have had a mass-meeting in San Francisco, the positive and reflex influence of which would have resulted in the inauguration of Samuel J. Tilden as President of the United States. Honest and valiant Democrats must act as their best judgment dictates hereafter, when committees and pompous office-holders refuse to act, in the matter of calling the Democracy together in public assemblages.

In Great Britain the country newspapers have their latest telegraphic dispatches of news, the same as the city dailies, including the very latest market quotations, at the rate of three words for a cent, and less. With a Postal Telegraph our Democratic country papers on the Pacific coast would have similar facilities for news. There never was a more audacious attempt to deceive the people and to enlist the country newspapers on this coast on the side of monopoly than that noted in Jim Simonton's recent lecture, so-called, at the Mercantile Library Hall, in San Francisco; when he affected to snivel over the loss, the deprivation, to country newspapers in the event of the establishment of a Postal Telegraph. A very sublimity of mendacity!

As an indication of the popular use of the Postal Telegraph, consider how the demand for Postal Cards has risen from 100,000 a year to 40,000,000 a quarter, and the demand still rising.

The railroad and telegraph bosses and runners in this State have adopted a new plan for hushing up the editors of Democratic country newspapers—a new plan for inducing such men, when they cannot be bribed, to cease from troubling the public with information about and comments upon monopoly, extortion, etc. Even some of the bosses condescend to this work. It shows how mightily they fear popular enlightenment on the subject, and how their grasping avarice goads them on to industrious deviltry. Bosses and runners go into the country and form the acquaintance of ranchmen or miners, or improve such an acquaintance already formed, for the purpose of suggesting to the aforesaid ranchmen or miners—or merchants, perhaps—that Mr. So-and-so, editor of the ——— is devoting too much space to complaints about railroad and telegraph extortions. The original suggestion may or may not go to the extent of advising the farmer, or miner, or merchant, or viniculturist, or mechanic, to go directly to the editor whose paper he subscribes for, or otherwise patronizes, and deprecate “so much talk about monopolies.” If the country newspaper patron referred to takes the cue quick, and, in his simplicity, says at once: “Yes, yes; I will go and speak to him about it,” then nothing more need be said by the boss, or runner, or striker, or flunky of the railroad or telegraph company. If the country subscriber gives no hint of purpose of remonstrating with his country editor, as desired, he is artfully and explicitly prompted to do so; the whole message being very polite, except in cases of contumacious citizens in the interior, upon whom the boss or his agent can bring the pressure of freight charges or depot privileges of any kind.

Some of the best men in the editorial chairs of Democratic country papers, who have never failed to speak out plainly about the enormities of monopoly extortion, have told me that they have been showered with letters of the kind which the above paragraph would indicate; not suspecting, at first, that there was a moving spirit behind their good, honest old patrons, or that this or that wheat-man or ore-seller was acting under duress when he wrote: “I know that the management of the railroad and telegraph is outrageously extortionate, but I would not say so much about it, if I were you.”

Yes; I knew Senator Broderick intimately. I was present in his rooms when Calhoun Benham brought the Terry challenge. One other person was there—Ben Butler's brother. Broderick was eating his breakfast in his bedroom when Benham came in. I said at once, as I had said repeatedly, that Broderick certainly ought not to fight Terry, and that if Edmund Randolph was chosen as one of the Senator's friends, a duel would be avoided. Broderick agreed that I should call Mr. Randolph for him. But Randolph was not in his office at the time, and I did not find him at his home on Telegraph Hill; and before I could communicate with him Butler had persuaded Broderick to call in other and less judicious counselors.

It is ludicrous to hear and read eulogies on Broderick, which are put forth for the purpose of making capital politically, by men who were enemies of Broderick in his life-time, or who had no personal acquaintance with him such as they now profess. I heard one of the railroad company's flunkies delivering a borrowed eulogy on Broderick as his own, and pretending to have had a close acquaintance with Broderick or a full knowledge of his biography, when, in point of fact, he did not know Broderick's first name. This railroad orator then spoke of Daniel C. Broderick. This eulogist was a State Senator, and announced himself as W. W. Stow's favorite “Democratic” and “Workingmen's” candidate for Congress. In another speech, made on the following day, this same fellow denounced the railroad monopoly! It is enough to make one sick, to witness the gullibility of the public, when such bilks—not only without character but really without education—are chosen as reform candidates to a State Senate. It is from such creatures that you may expect sham Postal Telegraph resolutions. I have heard that some of them returned from the Legislature with carpet sacks full of stationery and office cutlery. Said to be great friends of Denis Kearney and wandering political parsons.

Yes; many of the speeches made in Congress and other deliberative bodies are written by “outsiders,” as you have supposed. I was told by a Congressman in Washington, in 1875, that he saw the manuscript of one of John P. Jones' silver speeches before Jones himself saw it! We have members of our State Senate who are entirely ignorant of the rules of grammar, and who have not written a letter for several years on that account. Yet they talk very learnedly, sometimes; very pompously, always. I am credibly informed that one of this class copied an oration which I delivered in Sacramento, St. Patrick's Day, 1867, and read it as his own at a St. Patrick's Day celebration in this State in 1872. I learned of this fact through a friend, who inquired of me how I could so exactly prophesy what the fellow referred to would say on such an occasion, four or five years in advance!

No; Broderick did not leave any will. The document probated as such was a forgery. Broderick told me several times during the campaign of 1859 that he had no will written or recorded anywhere; that he once made a fool of himself by writing or dictating a will, shortly before the Smith duel; that the State of California could have his property, if he was killed.

The “water warfare” in San Francisco has been a humbug from the beginning, so far as the Independent Press is concerned. The pets and saints of the *Bulletin* and *Call* have made the most out of it. One lawyer, so-called, agreed to “fight” the water company in the courts for five thousand dollars, which was four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents more than he was worth in the case. He was ultimately paid twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand dollars for his services in behalf of the people against the Spring Valley Water Company! Just think of it! He wrote a “brief,” which in its way was a curiosity. It began with stealings from an encyclopedia, and concluded with an exhortation to be virtuous and you will be happy. The whole business was a gross outrage and an everlasting shame; but it was upheld throughout by the hypocrites of the *Bulletin*, the *Call* and the *Chronicle*.

The Independent Press of San Francisco has been the curse of curses to this city and to the State. With varied professions of saintliness it was not sufficient to assume to be simply honest—it has been able to bamboozle and sell out our people to the monopolists, regularly.

It ought to be enough to disgust any intelli-

gent, thinking man, to see a paper that has a direct and avowed interest in company with the telegraph monopolists, professing sincere hostility to our water and gas monarchs. If we had a postal telegraph, men of brains and common honesty would immediately have such equal opportunities and advantages in the way of getting telegraphic news that they could successfully start and continue the publication of daily journals that would weed out the Pharisaic and the avowed Judas organs of San Francisco. Bear that in mind. San Francisco would have double her present population and wealth—with prosperity as evenly divided as any of our most favored Eastern cities—if San Francisco had not been cursed by the most infamous Independent Press that ever afflicted any community.

Yes; that is one of their stereotyped foras in which they slander the rest of mankind: "Anyone else would do the same thing under the same circumstances." Not so. Some have endured martyrdom for the truth and honor; why not expect many to resist the utmost of temptation or intimidation from the source indicated?

If Tilden had accepted the Presidential office under the same terms and circumstances as those marked for Hayes—or anywise similar terms and circumstances—would not you and I have denounced him for his venality? I know I would. I am thankful that I am acquainted with some old line Republicans who openly denounced the hypocrite, Hayes, for taking the stolen property passed to him by John Sherman, Jas. A. Garfield & Co.; and who thereupon gave assurance of their entire sincerity, by quitting the Radical camp.

It is true that many a man has conducted a great business with a just and even generous consideration of his responsibility to the people in his immediate employ and to the community generally, and to the government of his country. These dominating money-bags of to-day do most grossly libel their fellow men when they declare, and have proclaimed for them, that any other person or persons would be as selfish and extortionate and corrupt as they are in a like position.

Jim Fisk, with all his many and well-known vices, was an incomparably better man than any of his companions or successors in monopoly power. They have all his faults with none of his good qualities, in their business operations. He exhibited many redeeming traits of character, which are entirely foreign to the composition or self-culture of the railroad or telegraph bosses who are now on the throne.

Railroad Commissioner Cone goes directly to Stanford for counsel as to the action of the Commissioners. He is honest about this. He states such is his habit. So stated to Judge Hewel, of Modesto. Nice Railroad Commissioners for the people! It is a little refreshing, though, to note that he does not lie about his service, and pretend that he has no communications with the railroad dukes, or their lawyers, or lackeys. For what small things do we become grateful.

If the railroad and telegraph graspers did not charge extortionately they would have no occasion to debauch legislators and other public representatives or officers. They rob you by extortionate freights and fares, and then, out of their robber's fund, they buy the election of legislators and judges; or bribe representatives and courts, after the legislature and the tribunal of justice has been opened.

The article in the July Scribner (1881), headed "The People's Problem," is monopoly-defending in its ultimate and general effect. It belongs to a class of articles which the lawyers and lick-spittles of the great railroad and telegraph corporations write for the leading magazines, whose editors and managers are, from ignorance or collusion, ready for their insertion. This article describes "politicians as plundering Jay Gould, and Jim Simonton, and Cornelius Vanderbilt and Leland Stan-

ford." That is the drift and bent of the article; and, in some parts, this statement and challenge is direct; although, of course—of course—there are the usual (most inconsistent) paragraphs deprecating monopoly. The monopolists sometimes pay directly for just such people-libeling, hoodwinking, bamboozling articles; and the authors of such will frequently be found gzzzing at the dinner-tables of the railroad and telegraph company magnates.

The people are more than willing—they are anxious—that all legitimate and fairly conducted business enterprises shall return large profits to proprietors and managers. This statement, in the simplicities, confounds, and, if held in contemplation for a moment, will confound the maudlin magazine flunkies of New York and California.

Exasperated, sometimes, even by the shadow of protest against their exactions—though the protest be made where it cannot avail—the real temper and sentiment of our railroad orphans crop out. A few days ago, Stanford said, at a meeting of the California Railroad Commissioners, that no one was opposed to or aggrieved by the railroad management in this State, except "bumming politicians, who spend most of their working hours with their feet up on a table, etc." Now, there, spoke Leland Stanford: This "gentleman," this "prince of entertainers"—whose biography, as a beauty, is stuck under the nose of every reader in this State in a dozen different prints almost every month in the year. This is the way he classes you—honest man and decent citizen, merchant, artisan, or toiler in a profession—if you presume to complain of the extortions and the corrupt practices in business and in politics of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

Now, if Leland Stanford will point out one "bumming politician" in this State, who is not now, or who has not been, as occasion called, a servant of the C. P. R. R., he will gratify a laudable and wide-spread curiosity. I undertake to say that every morally rotten creature in the form of a man, who makes a business of bargaining his vote or influence in politics—living a life of comparative idleness in every other respect—is a hireling of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. And no one has better reason to know that fact than Leland Stanford.

I would like to see the people roused up to a full sense and appreciation of the character of our monopoly tyrants. Here is an illustration of it. They hate every one who is opposed to their outrageous management, and who expresses that opposition in sincerity and for the purpose of stimulating reform disposition and movement against them—whose honest opposition they know and feel to be true and intelligent and influential and effective.

What a foul slander is this quoted statement, coming from the blubbery lips of this purse-proud, arrogant Railroad President—a lordly millionaire in ownerships of railroads which were built with the money of the people. Yet Scribner's and Harper's managers, and Kearney and Fitch and Pickering and Pixley—from the top to the bottom of the scale of influence and "respectability"—will join in unstintedly praising such men, and by every means in their power helping such men to continue to bear extorting and tyrannical rule in this "Land of the free and home of the brave."

It is an everlasting shame that the people of this State should be held by the throat by a Board of Railroad and Telegraph Directors, in conjunction with the directors of local monopolies in San Francisco, a majority of whom are so ignorant that they buy their pictures by the yard, and their statutory by the ton—or were accustomed to do so until some of them took friendly advice and purchased through competent agents. There may be something of added exasperation in the gross ignorance of these men. But that is a very little matter, and you should not dwell upon it.

Their petty spitefulness is illustrated by their ignoring Modesto in their folder maps, which are supposed to give accurate and full namings of important stations,



etc. Stanislaus County seems to be irredeemably Democratic, and Modesto is the shire town thereof. Hence, although a place of 3,000 inhabitants, its name is not given on Crocker's travelers' map;—although that profile of the railroad contains scores of names of little hamlets along the road. What sweet revenge on Modesto and Stanislaus County. Fully indicative of the length and breadth and height and depth of the brains and souls of the Crockers and Stanfords & Co. \* \* \* The Modesto people pay \$7 for a round ticket to San Francisco and back. I know of many roads in the East, who for a greater distance, for 140 miles, sell round tickets for \$2 50. And that on roads built with private funds, of course. The railroad magnates charge at least twice as much as they should; and the Modesto people know it and feel it, and talk about it.

Yes, I suppose you may say that some of these monopolists are sensitive about having any one speak of them personally. In general discursive phrases—such as they give their shams to use, when they put them up to bamboozle the people with anti-monopoly affectations—they do not find much annoyance; but when a man of the people speaks of them with any appropriate individual, personal reference, they are very wrathful. It is too much the prophecy of time when the Lord of all, whose is the silver and the gold, shall single them out and denounce them for their perjuries and robberies and oppressions and rascalities of every sort.

They establish and hire slander and smut mills all over this State, and all over the Union, to blacken the character of decent men and outspoken politicians, whom they know they cannot corrupt; and they sometimes direct their *Spirit of the Times*, or *News Letter*, or *Argonaut*, or *Daily Chronicle*, to begin firing;—whenever, by incorruptible patriots, the dukes of monopoly in California are challenged and exposed and denounced. If deemed absolutely necessary, the *Bulletin* will also be ordered up to this work. They hide themselves behind low mud-batteries, and grin and giggle while their scavengers come up from their cess-pools under the embazures and cast mire in the face of the sincere champions of human liberty, who know and denounce and battle the greatest living and acting foes of Republican institutions and popular rights.

Talk about shame! Witness the shouting over the alleged Morey letter, and then note the substituting of the name of Charles Francis Adams Jr. for that of Charles Francis Adams,—pretending, as the *Chronicle* and other rotten Radical organs did, that Charles Francis Adams stultified himself with respect to his own grand charge of ineffaceable fraud against the Republican Party; taking the words of his runt son (a steward of the railroad monopolists,) and putting them into the mouth of the venerable and venerated father. Talk of the Morey letter? See the forged report from the free-trade League,—ascribing to it an endorsement of the Democratic Party, when it never made any such endorsement; when its officers never dreamed of any such thing.

The Morey letter never made a vote against Garfield. The men on this coast who had made up their minds to vote the Democratic ticket at the last Presidential election, on the basis of the Chinese question, had come to that conclusion long before the Morey letter made its appearance. I believe that if it changed any votes at all, it changed them the other way. When it first made its appearance, I did not believe it. The words "Personal and Confidential," which were written over it, made me discredit it, and I never made any use of it. I never spoke of it in public, nor did I ever say anything about it in private, except to pass the common remark that it was less emphatic as indicating Garfield's sentiment on the Chinese question than his action in Congress or his Cleveland interview. It bore no comparison—even supposing it to have been a forgery—to the Radical iniquity of the Charles Francis Adams falsehood and the free-trade League forgery; and these latter, though proven beyond a question against the managers of the Radical Party of 1881, have never been retracted or apologized for by any Radical or Independent paper—not even by the much bepudded saints, George W. Curtis and Carl Schurz.

The merchants and the farmers of California should be able to ascertain market rates in New York and Liverpool, within shortest telegraphic dispatch time, for twenty-five cents for each ten words. With a postal telegraph the tariff would run from this cost down to one-quarter the figure named. As it is now, the managers of the telegraph monopoly own, for all practical purposes, the market news of the world. Every merchant and farmer in California should be able to get late Liverpool quotations for wool and other staples in half a day's time, for a quarter of a dollar. See my lecture on Postal Telegraph.

It is rumored that some of the monopolists in New York City are about organizing a telegraph company, which is to be called "The Postal Telegraph Company." Here, by the way, is a confession as to the growing popularity of the name and that which it stands for. It would seem that the name "People's Telegraph Company" has been worn out—as a delusive title. I can count sixteen "People's" Telegraph Companies that have risen with great threats against monopoly and suddenly sold out. The charges of the Western Union Telegraph Company are so enormously extortionate that genuine competition will frequently spring up between main points. But one of the principal tricks of the telegraph monopoly nowadays is to get up sham "competing" companies and go through the motions of fighting it for a year or so. Then there will be a pretense of buying out the new concern. In this way real, honest competition is warded off; outside capitalists and the people being made to believe that competition does exist or is about to be permanently established. And, at the same time, here is a cunning device for covering another immense watering of stock. When the "new concern," so-called, is bought in, or professedly purchased, there is an inflation of stock which is out of all proportion to the actual cost of the additional wires that are now avowedly taken under Western Union management. The general public has been completely hoodwinked by this maneuver several times. With this watered stock, some of the independent press managers have been largely enriched—in payment for special services as suppressors and misrepresenters and wholesale and retail liars on behalf of the Western Union Telegraph monopoly.

Be not deceived. A National Government Postal Telegraph is what we need. Any other establishment will fail to bring the people speedy, adequate and enduring relief from extortionate telegraph tolls; anything other than this will fail to afford us the benefits and advantages of telegraphy, which it is the right of the people to have and to enjoy.

The real monopoly proprietorship in the New York *Nation* is now sufficiently disclosed, when we see its editor lock arms with Carl Schurz in the management of the New York *Evening Post*—a paper now avowedly the flunky organ of the Northern Pacific Railroad monopoly.

Time was when these monopolists seemed a little more shrewd, or at least more secret about their newspaper proprietorship. They disclaimed a monopoly management, after the fashion of our own detestable *Evening Bulletin*, and *Morning Call*, and San Francisco *Chronicle*. But here we have the grand old New York *Evening Post*,—that journal of splendid record, with its Leggett and its William Cullen Bryant and its Park Godwin and its John Bigelow, on the editorial list! Now we see it with that soldier of fortune, Carl Schurz, spindled on its tripod; with the *Nation* nest of Radical hypocrites squatting and chattering around him.

Yes; it was bad enough to see the New York *World* pass from Manton Marble's management to Jay Gould's direct and avowed proprietorship. But the humiliation in that spectacle is far less than that which is felt by observing the debauchery in the office of the New York *Evening Post*.

I began the advocacy of the National Postal Telegraph in 1851, when I had charge of a junction office at North Adams, Massachusetts. I was then a lad of fifteen years. At that time I had not seen or heard of the re-

port of President Polk's Postmaster General on the subject, and such an establishment had not then been thought of by the rulers in Europe. The proposition was entirely original with me, though I presume it occurred to thousands of others immediately on the announcement of the success of the Morse telegraph; and I well remember how I was laughed at and ridiculed for my "boyish ideas about sending all letters by lightning." In local papers, and in such metropolitan journals as I could find correspondence-access to, I plead for the plan. Presently I learned that a Democratic Postmaster General had "apprehended the situation" in 1847, and I then began writing to Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives in reference to the matter. [See my lecture on Postal Telegraph, appendix, for extracts from President Polk's Postmaster General's Report.] From that time on I was emboldened and stimulated to press the subject; really and confidently expecting—so manifest are the advantages of the system, so great are the extortions and impositions, of various kinds, of the tyrants of telegraph monopoly—that every succeeding year would witness the practical inauguration of the American Postal Telegraph.

I have sent Postal Telegraph bills to many United States Senators and Representatives in Congress, on their agreeing to introduce and advocate such a measure. Some have been introduced and referred and urged; some have been offered and allowed to sleep quietly in the committee room. Two or three of the well-known—leading, in fact—flunkies of the monopolists in the National Legislature, recognizing the importance and probable ultimate adoption of such a measure, have "hedged" for a record by introducing a sleeper of their own. A. A. Sargent, for instance.

Distinguished Senators and Representatives have positively assured me many times that they would offer such a bill, or make a speech in favor of such a measure when introduced, and I have then mysteriously failed to keep their word in either respect. I know that such men—some of them—have indulged in favoring talk about the matter in committee and cloak rooms at the National Capitol—general conversation; and I know that thereupon agents and missionaries of the Western Union Telegraph Company have been very active in buzzing such Legislators with discouraging "arguments," so-called; including and rising from lying statements about the British and Continental Telegraphs. I am sometimes lost in wonder, as I go from point to point in reflections on the extortions, tyrannies and infamies of the Western Union Telegraph monopoly! Despite the fact of suppressions of information and all true statement on the subject by our venal press, how can the people fail to realize the enormity of the tariff and the outrage of monopoly in political and market news-transmission, the outrage in the falsity or suppression of intelligence, and the tremendous overcharge for services actually rendered! Do try and wake up all your acquaintances on this subject, and let us see if we cannot have a National General Postal Telegraph during the next Administration.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES A. SUMNER.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1, 1881.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing was written and put in the hands of the printer, an assassin has shot James A. Garfield. Every decent citizen must feel a heartfelt sorrow for Mr. Garfield and for his family, on account of this dastardly deed. Why shoot James A. Garfield? I did not suppose he had a personal enemy in this whole country. He was not and is not the man to make personal enemies. He is one of those men who started out in life with a pleasant disposition, and who has educated his amiability to the utmost. There is a profoundly wise selfishness in this. James A. Garfield always sought not to hurt anybody's personal feelings. And certainly no citizen of good sense could desire to substitute Arthur for Garfield in the Executive Mansion.

I will express gratitude because it was not a lunatic from the South who committed this horrible act. If it had been, it would have made capital sufficient for the prolongation of Radical rule at Washington during the next ten years to come, at the very least; although it might have been established beyond the shadow of a shade of a reasonable doubt that no other human being in the South or on the face of the earth had the slightest fixed-star-distant thought or suspicion of the deed before it was done.

Now Garfield is to recover. Good. I am heartily glad of it. But is he less the man who went down to Louisiana and help steal the Presidency from that incomparably noble statesman, that splendid patriot, Samuel J. Tilden?

I know that every possible use will be made of this unfortunate occurrence to build this man Garfield up in popularity, and continue his administration over another term. But, unless the people lose their wits in a sympathy pushed beyond the proper bounds of personal pity, it will not be a success.

I am sorry, sorry, sorry, that James A. Garfield was struck down by the bullet of the cowardly Giteau. I am glad that James A. Garfield is recovering, and I hope he will live out his term, and as much longer as the laws of nature will permit him to live. But I protest against popular forgetfulness of public life and character on his account because of this murderous act.

See how the masters behind the Presidential chair uncover themselves to-day! Jay Gould and C. P. Huntington, J. M. Green and Cyrus J. Field and William H. Vanderbilt come forward to make up a purse of a quarter of a million for Mr. James A. Garfield. You may say that they ought to do it? As Thomas A. Hendricks asserted and demonstrated, he, James A. Garfield—*above all other men*—was instrumental in carrying out the plans of Chandler and John Sherman (who were then more immediately the servants of the monopolists) for defrauding the people out of their rightfully-elected Executive, Samuel J. Tilden.

And the people ought never to forget, but ought ever to be reminded of the fact, that if Samuel J. Tilden had been allowed to take the Presidential chair to which he was elected, *the rule of honesty in public affairs and of justice in national legislation, as against monopoly tyranny, would have long since been inaugurated and established in these United States of America!*













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